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of Literature

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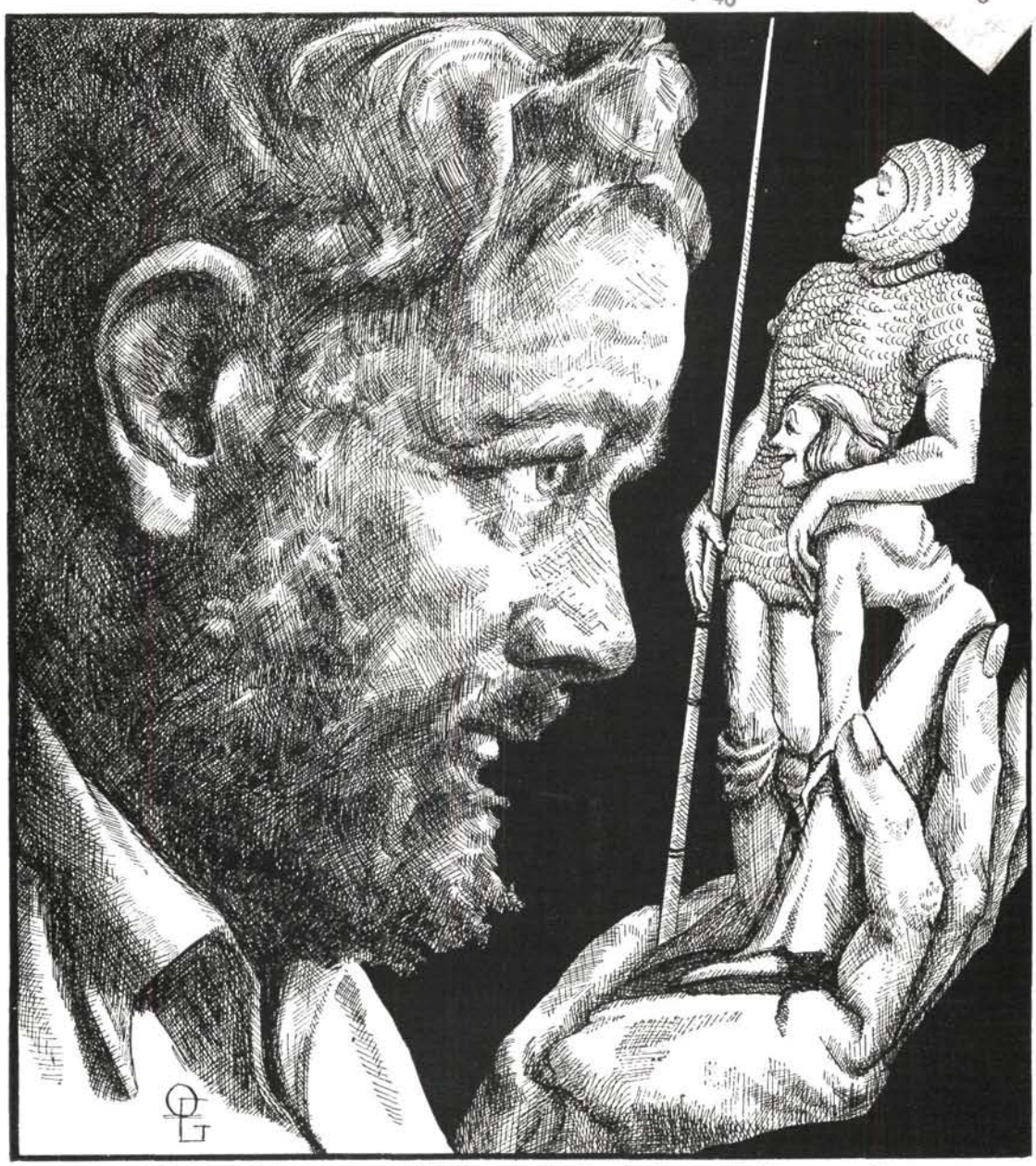

T. H. White, author of "Mistress Masham's Repose." (See page 7)

Writer Meets People

By PAUL TABORI

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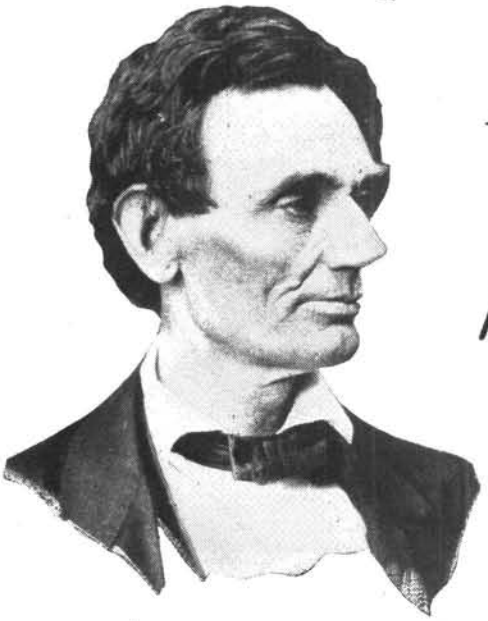
An Inspiration for our time . . .



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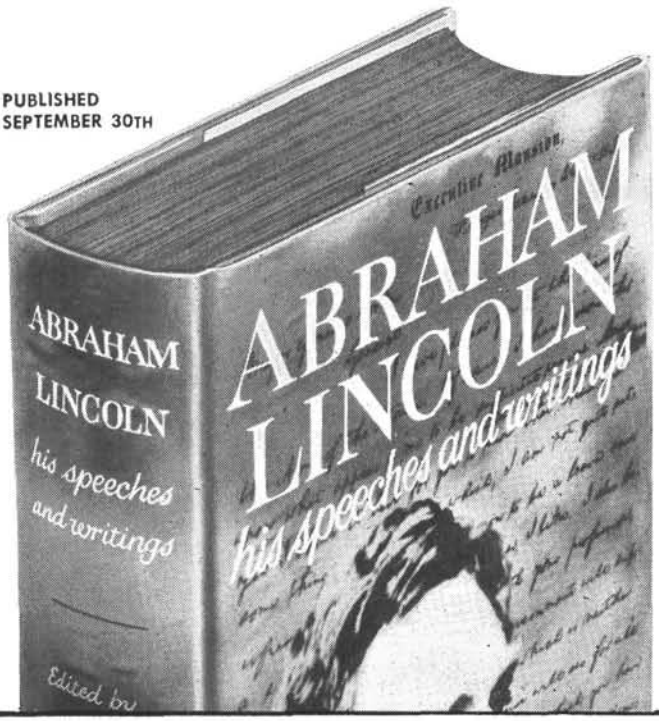

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Magic from the shoulder

GENERALLY SPEAKING we are not list makers; we have never compiled any series of things we do or do not like, want, or hope for. Some of us are capable of looking at a menu and deciding, after twenty years of uncertainty, that we do not now and never have liked salads made with apples, but despite minor set-backs of this sort we believe we are not very dogmatic. But weekends in the country, during interludes of cutting wood, say, are perfect for dogmatic dissipation. We even made a small list a few weeks ago when some of us were sitting one out with a cross-cut saw. This list purported to contain phrases we hoped never to hear again, among them such stand-bys as "the sunshine of your smile", "the wrath of god", "the magic of the theatre", and various other butt ends of our language. But like all good anti-dogmatists we retired to the cross-cut when someone showed us up, telling us that for the rest of our lives we would hear about the "magic of the theatre" and with good reason—because it was magic and because you couldn't say it any other way.

So no more lists, said we (for awhile, anyway). The theatre is Magic. The movies are the great Golden Goose of the theatre. Let us await the first homogenized motion picture and learn a little more about grades A and B in the meantime, we said nastily. And presto, back in the office we found a handsome black bound book, with red on the tips of its pages and square gold lettering saying THE GOLDEN EGG. This novel by James S. Pollak is a strange story—magic, but twentieth century magic. Anything about Hollywood, of course, has a kind of Circus charm. And because the moving picture is a major art form which had its beginning in our century it's a great deal closer to the minds of many people than, say, the legitimate theatre or the concert stage. It's young and we've watched it develop along with the airplane and the refrigerator and the automobile. People criticize the industry the way they would criticize the committee at their church social or firemen's picnic, accepting it as a natural right though few know enough of its background to make criticism valid.

THE GOLDEN EGG is the kind of fiction based on fact which supplies needed background for all of us with a touch of klieg light fever and a yen to know what makes the wheels go 'round—the story of the great Golden Egg of Hollywood told through the saga of some of the geese who laid it. The whole of the fabulous, mushroom growth of the "movies", from a cloak and suit factory through the early days at Fort Lee to a great Hollywood picture company, is in the story of the rise and fall of the Levinson family. This is Hollywood . . . conniving, screwball, dog-eat-dog, fantastically funny, arrogant in success and bitter in defeat. Movie tycoons and their yes-men planning an opus—if Shakespeare will pick up his option; story conferences in the sulphurous atmosphere of conflicting greeds; "sneak previews" where strong producers get the shakes as the audience flips peanuts on a million dollar production. The story of the Levinson family's rise to power is one which could have happened nowhere but in America; no time but the present and newly past. Today the movies are big business, fabulous entertainment vendors for the masses. But when the Levinsons took over Amalgamated Films they were shoe string silent quickies. To get by, a man had to be an opportunist and a clever one, and Moe Korn and Louis Levinson were clever opportunists. They shifted operations to Hollywood, started Miracle Pictures, Inc., and the Golden Egg was on its way to becoming a full course meal.

The focus of Jim Pollak's book is on the whole of this early Hollywood, but his strongest spot is on young Willie Levinson, Louis' son. Willie, product of his background, is the boy without a chance. His father, mistrusting formal education ("Whadda ya wanna edjicate him for?" said Moe, "It'll onney make him unhappy.") wants Willie to have a good time in school. And like every boy with too much money and too few precepts, Willie has a whole deck of cards stacked against him. He is never unaware of the studio, with its politics and power plays, and wants to be part of it—at the top. Through the same sort of shrewdness and amorality that made Moe and Louis powerful, Willie becomes the "youngest producer in the world". But even without the formal education that Moe and his father distrusted, he is not a happy boy. He is aware of qualities that he cannot add to himself because they are not to be taken by force.

It's a crazy, mushroom growth of power, all of the Egg, and it collapses as any boom and bust must collapse. But before it does, the reader is in on the sound stage of a new world. The world of "grips", stock girls, assistant directors, cameramen and cutters, and the hundreds of skilled craftsmen beneath the over-publicized surface froth of Hollywood. Here is the vast and exciting fabric of movie-making, with its thousand involved techniques, forming the background of a personal history. It's magic from the shoulder; tough, direct, and of our time.

THE Golden Egg

By JAMES S. POLLAK

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Writer Meets People

PAUL TABORI

THE witnesses are all available —Silone for Italy, Malraux for France, Thomas Mann for Germany, to mention only the best-known. I met scores of others—blind Taha Hussein, Egypt's greatest living writer; Abraham Schlonsky and Avigdor Hameiri in Palestine, Omar Fachrouly in the Lebanon, Lajos Kassak in Hungary. Because they are comparatively unknown in the West, I was even more impressed by their testimony. They said the same thing in a dozen different ways. Some were liberals, some communists, some extreme nationalists. Some were secure and others did not know what they would eat the next day. Some were free to speak their mind and others had to toe the party line. But what they had to say was fundamentally identical.

It was nothing more or less than the renouncement of the ivory tower of Proust's cork-lined room, the denial of art for art's sake, the recognition of the writer's place in the street, in the mass-meeting, in parliament, in the jury-box. Some of these men and women to whom I spoke during a four-and-a-half months' tour of nine countries had lived through the *Sturm und Drang* of absolute and abstract art, had experimented with form and subject until they thought that there was nothing more for them to explore. Others had withdrawn into a shell of mysticism, proud as Lucifer, contemptuous of the herd that could never share their exalted experiences. Still others had carried guns, killed men, and tasted the comradeship of deadly danger. But I could almost merge their voices into one Voice—the voice of the writer who faced the post-war years, the years of this uneasy peace, with the conviction that he must not shut himself off from the people because, perhaps for the first time in history, the people needed the writer.

For the first time in modern Europe the poet and the novelist, the playwright and the philosopher, have been accepted as normal human beings. They have become members of parliament, ministers of culture and education, departmental chiefs, and even prime ministers. It is no concern of mine what their politics are, whether they stand at the extreme left or in the moderate center. The facts suffice. Because, with very few exceptions, writers have fought the battle of freedom—and do believe me, this cliché is desperately real to the men and women of Europe—they are accepted almost at their own valuation. It has not been so in the past, and most creative artists are still bewildered by the sudden change. A Jugoslav poet told me: "Whenever I go into the Skuptchina and take my seat in the assembly, I feel as if someone might come up at any moment, tap my shoulder, and tell me to get out as I had no business to be there." And the Hungarian minister of education, a thoughtful essayist and an accomplished poet, said: "My fellow writers came to visit me and stare in silent wonder. They can't get used to the idea that one of them is sitting in this place and that they can call me by my first name instead of saying your excellency."

It may be debatable whether this is a good or a bad thing. But there it is. And it is unlikely that there will be a retrogression, that the poet will be sent back into the harem of sonnets and blank verse, the novelist into the cage of chapters and plots. The war that we endured for six years was a war of ideas and not of nations. The carriers of these ideas are emerging now as public figures in the widest sense of the word. A few are frightened by the limelight and the responsibility. Most of them bear up remarkably well.

Even those who hold no public office, who never speak at a political meeting, had to emerge from the ivory tower. It is no longer a question of Julien Benda's *trahison des clercs*. The traitors of the spirit and of the truth had ample chance to show their true colors. They are in prison now or dead. The purge is far from complete, and the smaller rats may have escaped or gone underground. But their squealing is over.

I stood in the corridor of the Budapest Parliament, an impressive if somewhat overwhelming building that had escaped the terrific battering of the long siege. People came and went many of whom I had known in happier days. I was talking to an old friend and paid little attention to the various passers-by who threw me a brief greeting beyond acknowledging their salutation. Suddenly a deep voice said: "Fancy seeing you here! How are you?" "Hello," I said, without looking round, "and how are you?" "Thank you," the deep voice replied. "I have just been sentenced to death."

I TURNED round at that—and there was F. F., a vain and not too talented journalist and author with whom I had worked in the same newspaper office. The Parliament also housed the supreme court of Hungary, and he had just lost his appeal against the sentence which he had received as a collaborator with the Nazis. I wasn't sorry for him; I had lost too much personally to feel sorry for anyone except the victims of Hitler. On the contrary, it gave me a certain satisfaction that F. F. had got his deserts. Still, I could not forget the nights we spent together arguing. Now he was being led away—in a few days he would hang. No, Benda's polite accusation no longer held good. The writers who survived had served their period of probation. They might be of all shades of political opinion and literary conviction, but they had all been against the evil that had stopped barely short of Britain.

There is a hunger in these writers for the greater community of the in-

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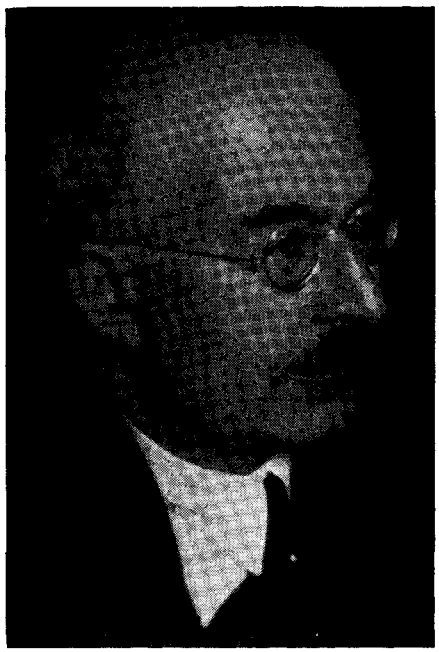

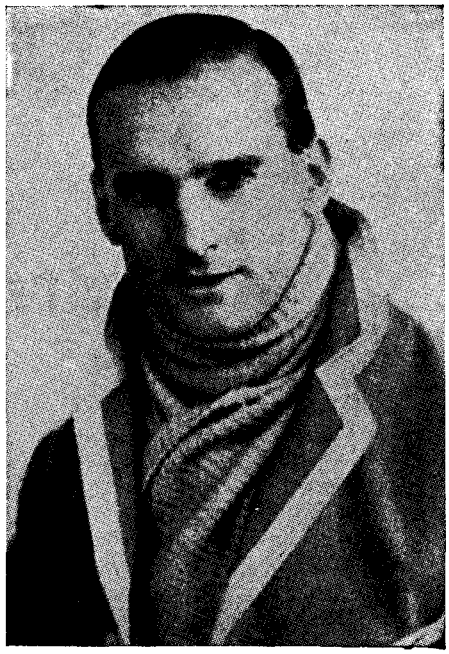

"In one way the development of the post-1919 years is being duplicated. No really great work has come out of the recent war yet. The sense of proportion, the detachment of distance are still lacking. Perhaps a new Arnold Zweig, a new [Erich Maria] Remarque, a new R. C. Sherriff is today walking the streets of Bucharest or Vienna."

ternational spirit. They have been cut off for varying numbers of years —some, in Austria, for almost a decade—from the main stream of European and American thought and art. In a debating club in Larissa I saw a few tattered Penguins and a very old number of *Horizon*. The secretary told me that only five of the members could read English, but the books had been translated, the articles and poems discussed, for many a long evening. The isolation of most of these countries is incredible. The wireless helps a little, but you could write volumes about what Jugoslav and Greek, Hungarian and Italian writers do not know about the ideas of the West. Do you remember the scoop of the French literary editor who got back from his first post-war trip to London and headlined an article with the startling information: "Virginia Woolf Is Dead"? Sometimes this isolation is a wilful policy on the part of the new "democratic" government of the country. Sometimes it is caused by the short-sighted inertia of British or American organizations who should pour books, magazines, newspapers into Europe instead of the niggardly trickle that gets there. I think that in some places even a time-table would sell if translated.

AND if they are isolated from the West, they are even more isolated from each other. The old hates have gone up in flames, but new hates were born. In Greece if you call someone a Bulgarian you'll get a knife between your ribs. Mention a Jew to an Arab anywhere from Egypt to Iran and you'll lose whatever good will you may have acquired. The writers try, desperately, to rise above this. But they have no chances to meet each other. For the sake of European literature the frontiers ought to be thrown open for the creative writer. Cooped up within his own country, he is apt to go sour.

The barrier of language has been thickened and strengthened by this new isolation, caused by politics, dislocation of transport, the preoccupation with everyday needs. Writers, in most countries, live a pretty Spartan life. The money a well-known Hungarian novelist made on his latest book would not buy him, a couple of days later, a new pair of shoes. You might argue that it is a fine experience, this Spartan existence, this sharing of the general tribulation and semi-starvation. Maybe so. Ask the Greek critic who has to queue three hours for a mouthful of olive oil; ask the Serbian playwright who wears rags instead of shoes, or the Hungarian poet who has been living on peas and beans for almost a year, what they think of the myth of masterpieces being born only in garrets. The petty annoyances and irritations of everyday life are perhaps even more serious obstacles to creative work than the large-scale tragedies. I spoke to a Polish poet of whose large family only two people had remained alive, the other ninety-seven having disappeared in Maidanek and Auschwitz. His dark eyes had a smouldering, repressed look; but he was more concerned with the shortage of paper that made it impossible for him to publish his long epic poem on the rising in the Warsaw ghetto than the virtual extermination of his kin. He had, no doubt, fought his battle, cursed God, revolted against the faith that could forgive if not forget; his way of revenging himself, of expressing his personal tragedy, was just that poem, which had to remain unpublished purely because of paper rationing.

BECAUSE they are so isolated, in many countries the writers have turned inside, have turned away from the life around them. This is less evident in the choice of subject matter or even style than in their general attitude towards the future. They certainly do not want to go back to the ivory tower, but they would be glad of a little transitory privacy. They would much rather write idyls than battle hymns. In this they share the post-war philosophy of the man in the street all over the Balkans; all he wants is to be left alone, not to be bullied or hypnotized by loud-speakers, not to be called upon to keep on being a hero. It is so easy to label whole countries communist or fascist, liberal or anti-democratic. The people, and with them the writer who has been forced into a new and close intimacy with his fellow-beings, are tired of the demands to say yea or nay when in most cases perhaps or possibly may be the only right answer.

To belong to a small nation is even less fun these days than it was between the two wars. Yet the writer and the artist are perhaps the only people who can effectively surmount the barriers. In spite of the hard

(*Continued on page* 35)

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Displaced Persons from Lilliput

MISTRESS MASHAM'S REPOSE. By T. H. White. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1946. 255 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

"MISTRESS MASHAM'S REPOSE" was the name of a small artificial island in the ornamental water in the grounds of Malplaquet; and Malplaquet was an eighteenth-century ducal palace, of the style which Sir Max Beerbohm calls "Palladio-Gargantuan." Mr. White evidently had Blenheim Palace in mind, in giving the name of another of Marlborough's victories to Malplaquet (a name which, by the way, Thackeray, in the fearless manner of the Victorians, rhymes with "attack it"; I do not know whether Mr. White follows that pronunciation or not). But when the story opens, Malplaquet's fifty-two state bedrooms and its twelve company rooms are falling into ruin; and it is inhabited only by a little girl named Maria, the last of the family, with the cook and the governess. The governess and her accomplice the vicar are a pair of villains in the most satisfactory manner of nineteenth-century melodrama; but Maria has allies in the cook and in an absent-minded professor who lives in a cottage in the grounds, and who would get along very well with Merlin in Mr. White's "The Sword in the Stone." And then one day, exploring the overgrown island of Mistress Masham's Repose, Maria comes upon a colony of Lilliputians. Yes, genuine colonists from Lilliput; it appears that the ship's captain who picked up Gulliver in his rowboat, recognizing the value that such beings would have as curiosities, went back and cruised about until he found Lilliput, and carried off the inhabitants to be exhibited at fairs, a slavery from which they managed to escape; and ever since they and their descendants have lived concealed in Mistress Masham's Grecian temple.

And so begins an enchanting fantasy. It had better be admitted at once (since the habit of using an author's best work as a yardstick is unfair but almost unavoidable) that this has not the wisdom and valor which shine out in "The Sword in the Stone." The professor's lectures to Maria on how she must respect the human rights of the Lilliputians are well enough, but they are not up to the education of the Wart. But then, why should one expect it? This is an exquisite filagree, with all the bright charm of the miniature. Mr. White thoroughly understands the art of this sort of fantasy, which is to keep a number of balls in the air, and always to offer a fresh theme before the first can become monotonous or can appear artificial. Thus the Lilliputians learned English during the period of the Captivity, and they discourse in elegant Swiftian periods, with most of the nouns capitalized, which is a delight in itself. And before you can grow tired of that you are to be told all about their "Oeconomy," which has the perennial fascination of all desert-island stories; for the Lilliputians began their island existence with far fewer tools, and under far more adverse conditions, than either Robinson Crusoe or his Swiss namesakes. And lest you should have too much of the Lilliputians, the author turns back from time and shows the professor courteously trying to borrow Ducange's "Dictionary of Mediaeval Latin" from the cook; or with his tongue in his cheek he gives some indication of the historic and moth-eaten grandeurs of Malplaquet, such as the Main Dining Room, which had once housed a mahogany table exactly as long as a cricket pitch, and the Absolutely Insignificant Morning Room, which had only one fireplace, and that was plain marble. Or he makes play with all those minor eighteenth-century names like Lintot and Tonson and Curll that we all feel we should know and don't. And all this time two plots are going forward, Maria's conquest of the hearts of the Lilliputians, and the machinations of the governess and the vicar to deprive Maria of a vast inheritance.

Of course, one can cavil. Mr. White, who has a sound ear for the language of the Houhyhnhms, seems to have lost his *Sprachgefühl* in dealing with the speech of Lilliput. He imputes to his Lilliputians such names as Gradgnag and Blambrangrill. In the Lilliputian speech as reported by Gulliver, there is a very high proportion of short vowels and liquid consonants, suited to the tiny mouths that spoke it; surely such names as those cited belong to Brobdingnag. And it must be confessed that the vicar-governess plot seems rather hastily put together. Perhaps it is that one is always conscious that today there just aren't any fortunes, in England or anywhere else, great enough to restore all the splendors of a place like Malplaquet, and not even the final beautiful touch, that in the restored estate there are 3,652,564 servants, can keep a realistic reflection from coming in where it least belongs. But it is more than that; the whole tale of "a writ of mort d'ancestor" which might benefit either Maria or her governess seems a little *too* hasty, as if Mr. White, whose invention appears inexhaustible, had not bothered to put it to work here.

But these are cavils. When all is said, "Mistress Masham's Repose" is a book like no other. All its extravagances hang together, like the rococo and chinoiserie in which the builders of Malplaquet delighted. As its Lilliputians would say, it is a Work to be held in high Esteam by all true Persons of Quality.

Fall Arrangement

By Marcia Lee Anderson

BLACKJACK oak is angry stuff,
Flaring, red-bronze, sabre-tough.
Pine is raw and needle-green,
Arrow-hearted, bitter, lean.

Their sharp vibrating branches bent
To be a bedroom ornament,
They cut and slash the stuffy air,
Trapped in sweet white earthenware.

The oak remembers a ragged crag
Where evil buzzards slope and sag;
The pine remembers skeleton skies
More piercing blue than paradise.

Flaring, thrusting with blade and spine
The angry oak, the bitter pine
Will burst the jug, the room, and all,
And leap to the precipice of fall.

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Sedgwick of the Atlantic

THE HAPPY PROFESSION. By Ellery Sedgwick. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 343 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

ELLERY SEDGWICK has been one of the great editors of our time. When, in the early nineteen-hundreds, the five- and ten-cent magazines which had newly learned how to cater to mass audiences were booming, and it was beginning to look as if every magazine which concerned itself with intellectual pursuits, discriminating thought, and good writing was doomed to extinction, it was he, more than anyone else, who renovated the tradition of distinguished American periodical journalism and gave it a new lease on life.

Buying control and then assuming the editorial direction of *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1908-09, when its circulation had dwindled to a mere 15,000 and it was becoming one of the minor intellectual luxuries of bookish Bostonians, a sort of last flower of the waning culture of discreet New England, Mr. Sedgwick broadened and humanized and invigorated it until its circulation had passed 100,000, advertisers had come to view it with respect as a national medium, and it was making handsome profits. In doing this he proved that erudite writing need not be dull, that human interest need not be vulgar, and that there was after all a sizable and remunerative public which could be induced to support magazines which were exacting in taste and did not scorn subtlety or precision of thought. Unless Mr. Sedgwick had made this convincing demonstration, H. L.

Mencken might not have been able to make a go of the *American Mercury*, the then deficit-ridden *Harper's* might never have been successfully resuscitated, and *The Saturday Review of Literature*, *The New Yorker*, the Luce publications, and many another periodical not wholly oblivious of the scholarly and intellectual life might have found the going quite different. Although during the thirty years or so that he guided the *Atlantic* Mr. Sedgwick inevitably pulled an occasional boner, and some of us were bewildered at times by his political preferences, and felt also that once or twice he compromised the *Atlantic's* independence by blurring unduly the line between editorial and advertising matter, nevertheless all of us who are mindful of the quality of American journalism are deeply in his debt.

Now, after six years in retirement, Ellery Sedgwick has produced a sort of autobiography. I say "sort of" because he leaves many gaps in his own personal story—skipping entirely his four-year apprenticeship on the *Youth's Companion*, mentioning hardly at all the home and family of his mature years, and leaving us in the dark about many of the practical aspects of his editorial career. But that is only natural. Being a believer in the virtue of modesty, an always fascinated student of human nature and human adventure, and a partisan both of the essay and of what he used to call the "veracious chronicle," he has given us not so much a detailed story of his own life as a series of reflective essays and spirited narratives about interesting people he has known and their memorable experiences.

There are several chapters about the Stockbridge of his boyhood and the picturesque characters who infested it; there is one about Groton School and its triumvirate of remarkable masters, and one about the Harvard of the 1890's and its notables and there are many about the satisfactions and encounters of editing, and especially about the innumerable charming of magnificent or preposterous human creatures who engaged a wide-awake editor's curiosity and awoke his delight.

Explaining why he calls editing the "happy profession," Mr. Sedgwick says at one point: "Other men are forced to work against the grain, to follow, as the classic phrase is, where duty calls, but the editor is made to stick like a leech to what interests and diverts him most. The business of his life, the pleasantest business in the whole world, is to make friends, to keep them—then to exploit them for the profit and fame of his magazine." And he continues, a little later: "But if the editor is wise . . . he will never steal the credit but turn it handsomely over to the chap who has earned it."

So he has done in this book, concentrating his attention on such people as the eccentric Mr. Southmayd

and the Reverend Arthur Lawrence of Stockbridge, on editors like the brilliant and unpredictable S. S. McLure and the gifted and complacent Edward Bok, on *Atlantic* contributors like the gallant Woman Homesteader and the mysterious L. Adams Beck and the incredible Opal Whitely—and on tramps and panhandlers, New England spinsters and art collectors, politicians and philosophers and poets who have fascinated him. Each vignette is framed in his own urbane comment, each anecdote interspersed with more comment; the whole book is infused by his personality, with its odd mixture of primness, practicality, and wide-ranging enthusiasm; yet one almost loses sight of the career of Ellery Sedgwick for chapters at a time while he celebrates the exploits of Ellery Sedgwick's friends.

Those who would learn lessons from this great editor in the techniques of magazine editing and publishing will be disappointed. True, Mr. Sedwick reveals, both directly and between the lines, the basic principles on which he operated. He believed that a magazine must be dominated by one man, a man of multifarious interests, bubbling over with ideas. He thought this man should constantly search with a collector's zeal for unusual people who had had unusual experiences. He wanted to get them to tell what it was like to be blind, or deaf; a multimillionaire, or a rider of rods; happily married, or going through divorce; suddenly converted to religion; in immediate deadly peril, or condemned to death by a doctor's verdict. He was also professionally interested in politics, economics, world affairs, and public problems of all sorts, but these did not touch the center of his being; only personalities and their predicaments could do that.

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His favorite conception of the *Atlantic* was as an agreeable dinner party at which a varied assortment of guests would engage in good talk, with "boredom . . . banished and good manners the invariable rule." All this he conveys in the book, and more too, but he says little about the necessary housekeeping arrangements for such a dinner party—the daily grind of manuscript - reading and schedule-making and advance planning and negotiating with authors (to say nothing of conferring with the circulation and advertising departments) without which no magazine can live. He does not tell us about his voluminous correspondence with advisers and possible contributors, which was the rod with which he adroitly fished for ideas and articles. One might almost imagine, from reading "The Happy Profession," that all an editor has to do is to meet entrancing people and somehow they will translate themselves into satisfactory manuscripts. Only in the chapters on his early experiences on *Leslie's Monthly* and *McClure's* does he give us real down-to-earth shoptalk.

But these reticences will hardly matter except in the eyes of a few fellow editors and publishers and authors who would love to know what Ellery Sedgwick could tell if he really took down his back hair. Most readers will probably prefer that the book be what it is, a lively gallery of personalities, observed with relish and enjoyably presented with the skill of a natural-born literary showman. And the book is well worth the full price of admission for its wonderful true stories alone.

My own favorite is his tale of the nurse who saw him through a severe case of pneumonia when he was a Harvard student, and became his confidante and friend while he was convalescing—and later was discovered to have murdered at least thirty-one patients! But I recommend also the story of the Supreme Court justice whose bodyguard killed another judge in a dining car; the story of David Buffum and the miniature horses; that of Mr. Sedgwick's own masquerade as a Secret Service his War Address in 1917; that of the wealthy Baconian enthusiasts in Chicago; and especially that of Lester Monks, who as a youth played a leading part in the case of Mate Bram of murder-laden ship *Herbert Fuller*, and later went on to other curious adventures. It is in his delighted and effective telling of such tales that agent to hear Woodrow Wilson make Mr. Sedgwick best demonstrates that contagious zest for human experience that made him an editor not only happy but creative.

One Man's China

CHINA CYCLE. By Richard P. Dobson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 217 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD WATTS, JR.

HERE is a pleasant surprise—a modest and unpretentious little book of China reminiscences that has warmth, unstudied charm, and a remarkable amount of sympathetic insight. "China Cycle" doesn't set out to be anything more than the personal story of a young Englishman who went to the Far East in 1936 to be salesman for a British-American tobacco firm, traveled among the Chinese people and grew fond of them, and left in 1941 to become a flight-lieutenant in the R.A.F. He has nothing startling to tell and he does not claim to be a thinker of deep thoughts. He is not interested in politics and he has his share of national prejudices. Yet his book is not only interesting but valuable on two separate scores—as a revealing por-

trait of the man who wrote it and as striking evidence from an unexpected source for the belief that, despite the current dismal picture, China is a nation, and a nation with a future.

Mr. Dobson is a candid young man, about himself as well as about the Chinese, and he confesses to much that is deplorable. Despite his fondness for the people of China, he is rather uneasy over any kind of racial intermingling, defending his fellow Britons stoutly for their treaty port insularity, lamenting the expulsion of Germans from British clubs as a blow to Occidental solidarity against the Orient, oddly remarking that "in the case of China it is we who are the underdogs," praising the value of arrogance when dealing with the East, and blaming the decline of the Portuguese on their compromise with Eastern ways. He praises his German friends as "loyal but not fanatical," which apparently means they were Nazis but polite about it. He dislikes the French intensely, finds the Americans noisy and naive, omits the Russians when telling of pre-Pearl Harbor foreign military aid to China, and is convinced that the Chinese instinctively long for a monarchy.

He makes no more attempt to be charming than he does to hold progressive views. Nevertheless, his candor, eagerness to learn, generosity of spirit, and instinctive liking for people are such that his insular prejudices seem unimportant in comparison with his warmth of heart, his determination to understand the Chinese, and his essential tolerance, and you come to feel that he would be a pleasant and valuable companion to encounter on your own China travels. In addition, he is a shrewd and sensitive observer. I am inclined to think that he grows a little too rhapsodic about the wartime capital of Chungking—not about its fascinating geographical situation high above the Yangtze, but concerning its tonic effect on Chinese character and vigor. In his enthusiasm I think he doubles the number of its inhabitants, but statistics in China are notoriously unreliable. Then, apparently to restore the balance, he seriously underrates the quality of the food to be found in Chungking restaurants. These, however, are the merest quibbles, for his major observations are sound, accurate, and understanding.

Certainly he is not blind to the defects in Chinese character and national life. He sees the horrible poverty, disease, and corruption to be found on such a shocking scale; he recognizes the savage callousness that centuries of hardship have brought about; he knows the atrocious treatment to which conscript soldiers and children in the tin mines are subjected and the lack of even the imperfect Western standards of public responsibility and decency on the part of officials, business men, and the so-called upper classes generally. Such things shock him but do not make him smug about Occidental virtues. For he has seen the tremendous vitality and unconquerable spirit of the Chinese common man that makes him such wonderful raw material for national greatness. He disagrees with those who fail to see that China is a nation in ferment and not merely "the greatest mass of people with a continuous history" in the world, and in the end he says that, once a good government makes service honorable and engenders public trust, "I do not see how anything can prevent the Chinese inheriting the earth in the fullness of time. Nor can I think of any people more worthy."

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Twice Hardy

HARDY THE NOVELIST. By Lord Robert Cecil. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Co. 1946. 223 pp. $2.50.
HARDY IN AMERICA. By Carl J. Weber. Waterville, Me.: Colby College Press. 1946. 304 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by FREDERICK B. ADAMS, JR.

IT IS a measure of the enduring vitality of Thomas Hardy's work that two more books about it have recently been published in America. Both are concerned primarily with the novels, Lord David Cecil's by the critic's own restriction, Professor Weber's by the circumstance of Hardy's popularity in this country, being based principally on the wide circulation (a pleasanter word than piracy) of his prose, and the comparative neglect here of his poetry.

Some will complain that this is half a loaf; Hardy himself would have been of their company, for he came to disparage his novels and stories. When Harold Child was preparing his study ("Thomas Hardy," 1916), Hardy hinted to Child that he should "treat my verse (including the Dynasts) as my *essential* writings and my prose as my *accidental,* rather than the reverse: the fact being that I wrote prose only because I was obliged to. This is the view which I notice the keenest critics to be gradually coming to."

An understanding of this obligation to write prose and its antecedent circumstances is fundamental to any criticism of Hardy the novelist, and for this it is necessary first to recall what had happened to him by the time he was thirty and had completed arrangements with Tinsley for the publication of his first book.

Hardy at 27 was ambitious to use his powers fully, and well aware that a Dorchester architect's office did not offer him much scope. In London he had fed on Swinburne and Shelley, and written some poems expressing his disillusion which found no buyers. He now tried prose, as promising to be more lucrative, and submitted the manuscript of a socialistic novel (subsequently destroyed) to Macmillan and to Chapman and Hall, both of whom rejected it with advice about current conventions in fiction and the importance of a complicated plot. Like a novice preparing to bombard the "slicks" with formula pieces, Hardy now set about learning the novelist's trade, making a close study of then popular novels, especially those of Wilkie Collins. His unerring instinct for the dramatic, his astonishing awareness of the details of mood and setting, and his ability to make every stage property contribute to the total effect saved him from mediocrity and entitled him to an appreciative audience for even his earliest work.

When he finally fell into the hands of a great editor in whom he had confidence, Leslie Stephen of the *Cornhill,* he produced his first masterpiece, "Far from the Madding Crowd." Then from serial to serial his fame and his income increased. It cannot be forgotten that, with the possible exception of "Tess" and

Thomas Hardy: "Treat my verse as my *essential* writings and my prose as my *accidental,* rather than the reverse."

"Jude," Hardy's novels were all written primarily for money, and to fit the requirements of serial publication in household magazines. "A Laodicean," which is scarcely ever read voluntarily today, was written during a long and severe illness, out of pure conscientiousness, to meet a deadline set by Harpers, who wanted the first instalment of the new novel to lend prestige to the debut of the English edition of their *Magazine,* a deed of honor fully chronicled by Weber.

One could not anticipate whether Lord David Cecil, whose experience of life and its tragic necessities and compromises must have been fundamentally different from Hardy's, would approach the task of criticizing the Wessex novels with proper sympathy. That he does so is clear from his first chapter on Hardy's scope, and his book is a lucid and gratifyingly intuitive commentary. Every reader familiar at least with Hardy's major novels will find Cecil's insights a welcome addition to his own. But when the reader considers Cecil's depreciation of "Jude," he may want to balance against it the verdict of Edwin Arlington Robinson (not in Weber): "I should call 'Jude,' with all its misery, his one book that is true."

It is a relief to find that Cecil's critical study does not devote a large and imposing chapter to the sources of Hardy's philosophy. One section of Weber's book deals with the attention paid to Hardy in the universities of the United States. His facts are startling. He reports that in the past 75 years, only one doctoral dissertation dealing with Hardy's work has been produced in England, whereas in the past forty years at least 125 dissertations and theses have been hatched in campus incubators over here. (There is reported to be some difference in academic standards between the two countries.) Unfortunately many of these intensive studies are concerned with Hardy's philosophy and its sources. Hardy was not a philosopher: he was an artist with a point of view developed from his personal experiences of life. Certainly, as his marital troubles increased in the 1880's he read Schopenhauer and von Hartmann, and returned to the tragedies of Aeschylus and Sophocles which he had read so carefully 25 years before, and these may have confirmed his melancholy, but they did not change his fundamental outlook or create any new element in his art. For a time, in the utopian socialistic haze of this century's dawn, when Wells and Shaw were the evangels of a brave new world, Hardy went so far in the conclusion of "The Dynasts" as to see

> Consciousness the Will informing,
> till It fashion all things fair!

But World War I showed him that this optimism was premature, and after Hiroshima and Nagasaki he would doubtless have repeated emphatically his own summary: "What we gain by science is, after all, sadness."

Every critic must deal with Hardy's style sooner or later; grotesque and stilted as it often is, it is uniquely his, it is honest, and it very exactly conveys his mood and meaning. So many writers with style have nothing to convey; with Hardy style was a means to an end, he said he did not know there was any technique to writing *prose*—it just came, and his eccentricities are as natural outcroppings of his personality as his pleasure in the attentions of duchesses, and his habit of mailing manuscripts with return postage long after he had become England's great man of letters. Cecil's treatment of this facet of Hardy's art is as excellent as the rest of his book;

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his summation: "He writes clumsily; but he writes creatively."

Professor Weber has for many years been the most vocal of Hardy interpreters on this side of the water, and it is therefore quite appropriate that he should write on "Hardy in America." The detailed facts of Hardy's relations with American publishers (with and without benefit of royalties), of his reception by American critics, of his popularity with the American public, and of his dissection by American scholars can scarcely be of interest to the general reader, but the devotee and the specialist will find it most welcome to have these background data assembled so thoroughly and conveniently. Weber devotes considerable space to the lessons that writers of our own time can learn from studying Hardy's example, and his recall to sanity and integrity in fiction is the kind of stern and honest advice we like to get from the state of Maine and from Colby's Weber. How far indeed one cottage light of Wessex beams.

Abraham Lincoln, His Hand and Pen

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: HIS SPEECHES AND WRITING. Edited by Roy P. Basler. New York: World Publishing Co. 1946. 872 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE FORT MILTON

THIS book contains nearly 250 of the most important and revealing speeches, state papers, and letters of the prairie politician whom the Civil War crisis converted into the poet, prophet, and seer who saved the Union. It is issued at a time when Americans are uncomfortably aware of the perils ushered in by the Atomic Age, and we hear the oft-recurring question, "What would Lincoln do today?"

To this, of course, there is no definitive answer, but the reader can draw from this volume innumerable illustrations of the lessons Lincoln learned in the school of experience—that history teaches by example, and as much from failure as from success.

Much of Professor Basler's scholarly essay on Lincoln's English is devoted to the way he changed and grew as a speaker and writer from his arrival in New Salem in 1831 until his death. But the editor insists that he rose to greatness in statesmanship as well as style through a "constant development of his personality." Therefore he rejects as half-truth Charles Francis Adams's famous statement that Lincoln had such a tremendous growth from 1861 to 1865 that he "became in fact another being," and that history "hardly presents an analogous case of education through trial." Mr. Basler contends that in no essential did his hero become a different being, with the inference that he was born full grown in greatness.

I think this does Lincoln's memory a distinct disservice. Surely the most warming aspect of his career is the way he changed and grew under pressure. Chiefly distinguished as a master politician during the Illinois years, it was not until Sumter and the Civil War brought him out of the shadow of Springfield that Lincoln's nation-saving statesmanship emerged.

There is something immensely satisfying about his organic growth of character from the summer of 1862, when the Union cause was at its lowest ebb, to the message of peace and reconciliation he sent the conquered South from the White House balcony the night of April 11, 1865. This inherent capacity for enlargement of vision and purpose testifies his immense growth in the war years.

The important thing about this book, however, is not the editor's opinion of the pace of Lincoln's growth, but the selection from Lincoln's own words he has made for this book. He chose for literary significance, historical importance, and human interest, and the sixteen years he has put in studying Lincoln's speeches and writings well qualify him for such a task.

Carl Sandburg tells in his preface how Basler grew up in Missouri, taught high-school English a few years, then drifted to Duke University in quest of a Ph.D. One summer evening in 1930 Professor Jay B. Hubbard, who was teaching American literature, set him on fire about Lincoln's literary style and role in fiction, poetry, drama, and letters. The fire burned, Basler wrote his doctoral dissertation on "Abraham Lincoln in Literature," followed it in 1935 with "The Lincoln Legend," an able study of the myths about Lincoln, and then decided to get out a single book containing the best and most indispensable things this timeless man had written and said.

He insisted on using the original letter, the proofsheet bearing Lincoln's corrections, the most careful report of a speech. He tried to look at each speech or writing as Lincoln must have looked at it at the time—tried to put himself in the other man's skull, recreate his purposes, rethink his thoughts, understand what he wrote and why he wrote it just that way. Mr. Basler's assiduous interspersed notes and comments testify his attention to this part of the task.

This is particularly important, because Lincoln was an exact man, careful and scrupulous about words, punctuation, and capitalization. He deliberately sought shades of meaning and refused to yield them to grammarians or rhetoricians who proposed to "correct" his prose—read his ironic letters to the poor chap who proposed to smooth and stylize the Cooper Union speech.

This doesn't mean that he achieved eloquence without rhetoric. He constantly used figures of speech, pithy quips, almost legendary stories in serious analyses as well as in poetic flights. The editor interprets Lincoln's zeal for the balanced sentence, for almost metrical rhythms, as proof of his love of words and symbols and inner urge to entertain people. His feeling for exact coloring of phrase and choice of word is even more apparent in his messages to Congress than in the speeches and letters of the critical years from the repeal of the Missouri Compromise to the first inauguration. In style as in power of feeling and imagination, the December 1862 message on the sad state of the Union ranks with the very best of his prose.

The selections touch practically every phase of Lincoln's life, and represent the several styles he used as occasions demanded. There is plain talk aplenty, rough-and-tumble political bouts, cadenced prose, sorrow-laden quatrains Lincoln toyed with as late as 1858, state papers that have become immortal. They contain the strange letters he wrote Mary Owens when he wanted her to break their engagement, the rather pitifully distrustful letters to Mary Todd Lincoln when he was a Congressman in Washington and she was spending his money with too lavish a hand.

Mr. Basler puts in the Douglas as well as the Lincoln texts at Ottawa, and the thoughtful reader can see

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why Beveridge concluded that the Little Giant trounced Lincoln that day. The House Divided thesis is magnificent theater, but was almost as difficult to apply to the divided nation in the sixties as it would be to the dividing world today.

The Civil War letters admirably befit the occasions, whether designed to stiffen civilian morale, as the tear-compelling note to Mrs. Bixby, or to prod generals into exploiting their victories, as the telegram to General McClellan: "I have just read your despatch about sore-tongued and fatigued horses. Will you pardon me for asking what the horses of your army have done since the battle of Antietam that fatigue anything?" Or his sharp reminder to ambitious, intriguing Fighting Joe Hooker: "Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship."

The book is all Lincoln—his politics and his patriotism, his scurrility to poor Shields and his magnanimity to the poor soldier boys who strayed from the ranks, his pettifogging insistence on finding "the Spot" where the war with Mexico began, and the appeal that echoes down the corridors of time, "We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last best hope of earth."

Concentration Camp, U. S. Model

CITIZEN 13660. *Drawings and text by Miné Okubo. New York: Columbia University Press.* 1946. 209 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ALFRED MCCLUNG LEE

MANY have speculated on what fascism would be like "if it should happen here." Unfortunately this speculation usually takes the form of transplanting stock characters from the Germany or Italy of pre-war or wartime propaganda onto the American scene. The characters do not fit. Even Sinclair Lewis could not make the "as if" look very plausible.

Miné Okubo, like those Negro Americans whom the devastation of race riot or lynching has just missed, does not need to speculate. As an American citizen of Japanese ancestry, she tells of how West Coast and Army hysteria placed upon her people the heavy hand of fascism, and she does so quite simply in line drawing and in amazingly calm and considerate prose. If I had had similar experiences to report with regard to myself and my own family, I am certain that I could not have told of them with such sad and understanding humor.

"Father had been whisked away to an internment camp," Americanized by the label "assembly center," from her California home. Then she and her brother had to go, even though she had another brother in the United States armed forces, and "my family name was reduced to No. 13660." A horse stall plus a fodder room at a converted race track "assembly center" became their home.

What was her crime? What was her family's crime? Long ago her folks had come from Japan. That was all. And she therefore just had to be evacuated.

Of course American concentration camps were not like Buchenwald. None of the Japanese-Americans was used for medical experimentation or converted into soap. But to be taken from one's home by force because of an accident of ancestry, to have one's family torn apart, and to be treated in a free land as a prisoner—these are enough to make one ponder, as Negroes have also pondered, about the security of democratic rights. "The infrequent letters from my father were always postmarked from a new camp in a different state. Letters from my European friends told me how lucky I was to be free and safe at home."

The occasional day on which Miss Okubo was permitted to leave the camp under police guard just highlighted her deprivations. "That one day of liberty was wonderful. I was like a child. I wanted to buy everything."

All Americans are members of minorities. Almost all of those minorities have at one time or another, here or elsewhere, been fractioned off and persecuted. We should all join with Miss Okubo, therefore, when she recalls: "A feeling of uncertainty hung over the camp; we were worried about the future."

Since Pasteur

MIRACLES FROM MICROBES: The Road to Streptomycin. By Samuel Epstein and Beryl Williams. New Brunswick, N. J.: Rutgers University Press. 1946. 155 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

ABOUT a hundred antibiotics are known—organic substances which check the growth of microbes and some of which have therefore been used in medical practice. The wonder is that the antibiotics, all derived from bacteria, fungi, and other growths of a low order, have lain dormant ever since the time of Pasteur, who knew something about them. It remained for Sir Alexander Fleming to galvanize research with his discovery of penicillin, still the antibiotic par excellence.

Messrs. Epstein and Williams review the antibiotics in a popular book which is a model of its kind. Their main object is to point up the brilliant work of Dr. Selman Waksman of Rutgers, the man who discovered streptomycin, an antibiotic which often succeeds in clearing up an infection where even penicillin fails. To achieve their purpose they go into the early history of medicine, a history of ancient and medieval physicians who seem to have had a gift of divination but who worked empirically. Fully a third of the book is thus devoted to laying the foundation of modern bacteriology and chemotherapy. Then comes the history of antibiotics, beginning with Pasteur, who was astonished to find that some anthrax bacilli had been killed by mere exposure to air, but who knew how to draw the necessary conclusions. The clue was not utterly ignored. Long before Dubos, Fleming, and Waksman appeared a score of investigators were doing their best to run down the antibiotics. By 1909 pyocyanase, the first antibiotic to be isolated and the first to be used clinically, had attracted some medical attention. Among the investigators who thus pursued the antibiotics were René Dubos and Selman Waksman. The authors of this book do ample justice to both. Dubos made history with his tyrothricin, Waksman with streptomycin. The story of penicillin is of course included. But it is streptomycin which holds the stage.

Messrs. Epstein and Williams have done ther work well. Medically uninformed readers will find their book a compact and even an exciting account of man's long struggle against infectious disease and learn much about the way bacteriologists attack invisible, deadly organisms.

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Journalism in the Nineties

THOMAS W. LAMONT

IN the summer of 1889, following my freshman year at Harvard, needing to earn some money, I said goodby to my parents and landed a job as a reporter on the Albany *Evening Journal*, taking the place of staff members on their vacations. I received fifteen dollars a week and as I got a hall bedroom, breakfast, and supper for five dollars a week and spent only two dollars and fifty cents more on luncheons and incidentals, I was able to save a tidy little sum. The city editor, because I was only temporary, assigned me to all the jobs that were pesky and ornery and prevented my establishing any good will. For instance, I had to write up a humorous account of a country bumpkin being shown through the capitol by one of the guards, ridiculing my guide, mimicking his speech, mannerisms, and so on, so that I never dared return to the capitol for a second visit.

One noon the city editor said, "Lamont, here's a snappy story. You go down to see Jim Murphy," a local Democratic ward leader associated in all sorts of public construction enterprises, most of them successful. "You ask Murphy whether the story is true that he bribed government inspectors at Watervliet Arsenal."

"But, Mr. Johnson," I said, "that's an insulting question."

"Oh, no, you're too thin-skinned, he's used to that sort of thing—just ask him casual-like."

So with certain innocent misgivings, off I trotted to Mr. Murphy's office. I walked up to the railing behind which he sat comfortably at his roll-top desk. "Mr. Murphy," I addressed him politely, "the *Evening Journal* wants to know whether you bribed the government inspectors at Watervliet Arsenal."

Mr. Murphy swung around with a jerk. "What's that, young man?" he exclaimed.

I repeated as offhandedly as I could: "The *Evening Journal* asks whether—"

"Young man," shouted Mr. Murphy, turning an angry purple, "you get the hell out of here—and damn quick, or I'll kick you out."

"All right, Mr. Murphy," I said placatingly as I turned to go. "The *Journal* only asked the question."

"You get out!" And Mr. Murphy leapt to his feet.

Back in the office I reported to Mr. Johnson. "It was just as I thought," I said. "Mr. Murphy was frightfully indignant: he simply can't be guilty."

"What did Murphy say?" the city editor inquired mildly. I told him the brief interview just as it happened.

"O.K.," said Mr. Johnson, "that's fine. Just write it all out exactly as you tell it and let me have it."

I wrote it out faithfully and handed it in, though I could see no point in it. But what was my horror, when the late edition of the *Evening Journal* came out, to see my story on the front page unchanged except for a brief introduction and with this flaming headline:

MURPHY DOES NOT DENY IT

DECLINES TO DECLARE HIS INNOCENCE WHEN *Evening Journal* ASKS THE QUESTION

Watervliet Arsenal Bribery Case Assumes Another Phase

There is a small sequel to my story. Twenty years rolled by and this same James Murphy had attained large means and become a power in various corporations. One day I was sitting at my desk as a vice president of the First National Bank of New York when in walked Mr. Murphy, asked to see me, sat down, and said benignly: "I have heard something of you, Mr. Lamont, and I want to invite you to become a director of such and such a corporation in which I am largely interested and to go on the executive committee."

It was an important industry; they kept a large account at the bank, and old Mr. George F. Baker, our chief, said that for a young man it was an honor that I could not well refuse. I never reminded Mr. Murphy of our first interview and certainly he never recognized me as the fresh reporter of the Albany *Evening Journal* of twenty years or so before. I had never believed the Watervliet Arsenal story and later in that Albany summer when I had expressed to the city editor my continued conviction of Mr. Murphy's innocence, he said: "Oh, well, you know, he and Billy Barnes [William Barnes, Jr., the local Republican boss] were at daggers drawn. Mr. Barnes just wanted to touch him up a bit."

No assignment the *Evening Journal* gave me was quite so momentarily awkward as the one I got at the hands of the old New York *Tribune* where, on a warm letter from dear old Frank Bowles, the secretary of Harvard College and President Eliot's right hand, I started as reporter the Monday after my graduation from college. It was a hot summer and tramping the streets of New York was a humid business at best. And the season was marked by an Asiatic cholera scare. Cases had been discovered in the steerage of one or two French transatlantic liners, which were held up for days at quarantine, the presumably unexposed cabin passengers frantic at the delay. Finally one noon a local Associated Press report came to the *Tribune's* city desk that an authentic case of cholera had been discovered in a rooming house among the tenements on far West 10th Street.

"There you are!" said the city editor, shoving the flimsy slip into my hand. "You hike right up there, Lamont, and get a first-class story. Try to get into the sick man's room and have a look at him."

"Yes, Mr. Bowers," I murmured rather miserably.

I started up on the old Ninth Avenue elevated and too late thought of stopping at a drugstore and trying to get soaked with disinfectants. I attempted to walk briskly west on Tenth Street but my feet seemed like lead. I did not like the assignment: I had no ambition to become an expert on tropical diseases, and Asiatic cholera seemed a particularly nasty thing to write about. I didn't relish seeing the patient anyway. Finally I neared the spot.

A LOT of people were surging about in front of one wretched tenement. Every window of the tenement was wide open; there were no screens and thousands of eager flies buzzed in and out of the sick-room, then settling down to pick on the passers-by or to crawl horridly in and out of the gently rotting peaches and plums on a fruit cart in front of the house. The Italian

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vendor and his customers seemed to take more scientific interest in Asiatic cholera than I could profess. But God be praised! the authorities had drawn a *cordon sanitaire* around the place—policemen holding the crowd back with a rope.

I was feeling better, but of course went up to the police lieutenant, explained I was the representative of the great metropolitan daily, the New York *Tribune,* that it was important that the public should have all the facts without sensation, etc., etc., and that I should be allowed to go in. "Not here, young man," said the officer. "You ask your boss to get a pass from the commissioner and mebbe it'll be O.K." But, I argued, time was pressing—we must get the story promptly. No go, however. So with a sense of duty fairly well done I proceeded back to the office. The city editor looked cross. "I'll bet I could have got by," he said. "I'll bet the *World* has a picture of the sick man in bed. They can't get a real one but they'll fake one. You've gotten us beat. Oh, well," he added finally, "perhaps you did your best. Write a good lively story about the milling crowd, the police, give a word picture of the sufferings of the sick man."

"The flies were pretty desperate," I said, "don't flies carry germs?" "Germs, my grandmother!" the city editor retorted, "this silly germ theory again! But put the flies in if you like. Make it all good and sordid and vivid —perhaps we'll get it on the front page."

THE meager income that we reporters on the New York *Tribune* received could be augmented somewhat if we were lucky enough to turn up some subject that would be suitable for the Sunday edition. Of course that was long before the day of Sunday magazine sections and colored supplements. I had been at my job only a few weeks when I began to stir around and try to turn up something that could be written up and used as a "Sunday Special." First I wrote about one or two phases of old New York life, and of the Bowery which at that time was a spot that had its gangster dens and mysteries that could always be made intriguing for country readers. In my casual researches about early Manhattan I naturally was able to glean considerable material from that volume that still has its place in every collection of Americana, namely, "A History of New York," by Diedrich Knickerbocker, the name that Washington Irving, who was comparatively unknown at the time, had used as a *nom de plume.*

Then one sleepy August day when I had completed my afternoon assignment and was hanging around the office until time came for me to go up and interview Gentleman James J. Corbett at his fighting quarters (which is another story), I suddenly bethought me of a passing romance that my elder brother had once related to me. He was home on holiday from Harvard College and someone there had told him the tale. I do not know who was the author: perhaps he is so well known that I should blush to be ignorant of his name.

At any rate, the brief story had stuck in my mind and so, without further ado, I grabbed a sheaf of our

yellowish copy paper and wrote it out just as it came back to mind. Then I slapped a couple of heads on it, marked it "Sunday Special," put on my initials, and turned it into Ervin Wardman, who had charge of "The Sunday." Wardman was later editor of the (long since defunct) New York *Press,* and at the time of his death twenty years ago or more had been for a long time the late Frank Munsey's right hand editorial man.

The next day I found my story in my letter box in the *Tribune* city room, with this brief legend scrawled across the first page by Mr. Wardman: "Mr. Lamont—Where did you get this story? Better, if it isn't known, made a magazine romance. It's a fine chance. Speak to me about it."

Now the unexciting sequel is that apparently I never adopted Wardman's interesting suggestion, but being laid low about that time with a prolonged bout of typhoid fever, I ut the short manuscript away. I never saw it again until the other day, when, over half a century later, I was clearing up a lot of accumulated old papers and came across it, just as legible as it ever was on the old yellow sheets. So after all these years I reproduce it here, making my apologies to the (to me) unknown author and asking him to forgive my bald plagarism. If the little romance has any interest now, it is due to the fact that World War II and its aftermath have brought once more into the limelight all the region of the Caucasus and the Black Sea, of the German occupation of Sevastopol, of its magnificent reconquest by the Russians.

A SALUTE TO THE BRAVE SOLDIER

THE STORY OF A YOUNG NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT AT THE SIEGE OF SEVASTOPOL

Leonard Edwards, twenty-eight years old, was the war-correspondent of the London *Times* at Sevastopol during the Crimean war. He had done well in his work at London and had considered his mission to the Crimea a direct advance. He was ambitious for further success, and left nothing undone to win new glory for his newspaper and for himself.

During the long months of the siege, Edwards looked from the walls of the beleagured city and saw the fleets of the great powers drawing nearer in an ever-narrowing circle. The British battleships led the way; the tri-color of France, for once in friendliness with her rival, waved close by; and the flags of Italy, with crescent of Turkey, fluttered in the breezes on the right. Sevastopol's end was to be swift and sure: yet the Russian authorities within the city kept up hope.

At the beginning of the siege they had made the rule that no newspaper correspondents should send dispatches from the city without first submitting them to the Russian military authorities. Only in this way could the Czar's men be sure that the secrets of their defence and the gradually weakening powers of the besieged were not made known to the enemy. The rule was well understood; for the penalty of its infringement had been announced as death.

One afternoon the Russian troops made a fierce sortie and were repulsed with great loss. Young Edwards saw that if he waited to submit his dispatches, as usual, to the commandant, the story of the bitter fight and the gallant effort of the Russians would not appear in the *Times* until the second day. To be sure, none of the other papers would have it before that time, but if Edwards sent his account without the usual delay, he would "beat" all the other dailies by twenty-four hours, and that would mean great favor and almost sure advancement for him. He decided to risk the danger.

The young correspondent was taken in the act of sending his dispatches, and was condemned to be shot at dawn on the following morning. As he lay in his dungeon beneath the governor's castle, the sound of music came floating in on the evening breeze. Edwards asked his jailer where the music came from, and the man answered that it was being played in the castle above, at the birthday ball of the governor's young and beautiful daughter.

The youthful prisoner, musing a moment, said that it was his last night on earth, and that he should like to

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spend it at the birthday ball. The jailer thought that a strange request, but he went and brought the governor himself to answer it. To him Edwards repeated his request, and gave his word of honor that he would not try to escape.

The governor wonderingly granted him the favor and, providing him with the uniform of a lieutenant of the guards, took him to the ball-room. He led the young lieutenant to his daughter and presented him, saying that here was a young officer who, at daybreak, was to start on a difficult and dangerous mission, from which he might never return, and he asked the girl, radiant in her bright beauty, to be gracious to the young man.

She needed no second bidding. The pair danced together many times during the evening, and the girl was gay and winning. Just as the gray of dawn was beginning to grow red in the east, the two found themselves standing by an open window, almost deserted; for most of the guests had departed. At that moment the governor came up to them, and said to the lieutenant, "Come, it is time you were off."

The two said good-by, and, at parting, the governor's daughter gave Edwards her little lace handkerchief to keep as a remembrance of their happy evening.

Edwards was led down into the courtyard, hidden from the ballroom by an angle in the building, and he found there the file of soldiers drawn up in line, with muskets ready-loaded. He took his place in front of them, and himself gave the signal for firing by dropping the little handkerchief.

The young girl, still standing by the open window, looked out on the reddening dawn.

"Listen!" she said, "They are firing a salute to the brave soldier as he starts on his journey!"

This reminiscent essay constitutes a chapter from Mr. Lamont's "My Boyhood in a Parsonage," published this week by Harper & Brothers.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 171

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 171 will be found in the next issue.

RWD AHKHFX FDDC

BWNQHRP GIQD RWNF

RWD CDND.—

XDIQXD NQFIAC.—RWD

YIAAP IAC JDCNXIXMD.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 170

To love to read is to exchange hours of ennui for hours of delight.

CHARLES MONTESQUIEU.

Gentleman of the Old School

ECONOMICS IN ONE LESSON. By Henry Hazlitt. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 222 pp. $2.

Reviewed by THEODORE J. KREPS

THE recipe for this book is simple: exhume Herbert Spencer's "Social Statics," written in 1892, disguise with a wash of Wicksteed's scientific laissez-faire, adulterate freely with modern reactionary political prejudices à la von Mises—and you have "Economics in One Lesson."

The title is exciting. It promises freedom. No longer will students need month after month of burning the midnight oil to master their courses in economics. University, industry, and government budgets can release the funds spent on economists and economic research. No more tedious public discussions setting forth the pros and cons of alternative courses of action which fail to lead to an unequivocal solution.

There is much in the book that is old and excellent. The special pleading of selfish interests (Adam Smith said of the merchants) *is still* the breeding ground of a great deal of economic fallacy. The doctrine of wealth through scarcity always has been and *is* insane when applied all around, even if often true for a particular group of producers considered in isolation.

Like Mr. Spencer, Mr. Hazlitt believes in freedom of international trade and courageously insists that "the tariff must, on net balance, *reduce real wages*. Only minds corrupted by generations of misleading propaganda [could the author have meant G.O.P. and business?] can regard this conclusion as paradoxical." Like Spencer, he also denounces subsidies; although no mention is made of the more important subsidies to maritime shipping, newspapers, etc., those to farmers are competently exposed, as is the silver subsidy in the following forthright terms:

> The essential political aims of the "silver Senators" could have been as well achieved, at a fraction of the harm and cost, by the payment of a frank subsidy to the mine owners or to the workers, but Congress and the country would never have approved a naked steal of this sort unaccompanied by the ideological flim-flam regarding 'silver's essential role. . . .'
>
> If new capital and labor *are* forcibly kept out of the X industry, either by monopolies, cartels [why should this be the only sentence in which these words occur?], union policy, or legislation, it deprives capital and labor of liberty of choice, forces workers into industries with even lower wages, and means, therefore, a lowering of production which must reflect itself in a lower average living standard.

Henry Hazlitt's "entire analysis is divorced from reality."

The author renders a considerable service in re-emphasizing that new machinery, inventions, and discoveries in general increase employment, production, and welfare, even if the personal tragedies of the displaced Joe Smiths can hardly be dismissed as merely "an incident to economic and industrial progress."

Particularly vital is *the* lesson of his book printed in italics: *"The art of economics consists in looking not merely at the immediate but at the longer effects of an act or policy; it consists in tracing the consequences of that policy not merely for one group but for all groups."*

But what peculiar selective paralysis or inhibitions kept the author at so many points from fully applying his own lesson? Thus, for example, how can one so meticulously spell out and emphatically condemn the economically unsound efforts of farmers and trade unions which aim at control of production and fixing or raising prices, but fail even to mention those much more successful practices of vastly greater economic damage inflicted by commercial, industrial, and financial monopolies, ologopolies, and oligopsonies? If one uses larger caliber ammunition to castigate the "lump of labor" fallacy, one requires verbal atomic bombs to blast the "lump of business" fallacy and the many other artifices of monopolistic competition which not only have spawned thousands of restrictive price-, patent-, production-, and sales-

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cartel agreements, but helped to produce hundreds of cases of violation of the anti-trust laws, not to mention recent malignant movements in Germany, Italy, Japan, and elsewhere. The "New Order" they sought is basically the monopolistic, completely cartelized, corporate state.

In the same way that Herbert Spencer fifty years ago in the name of economic liberty condemned public education, food inspection, health measures, and even public sewerage disposal as government regimentation, so Mr. Hazlitt uses identical doctrinaire economics (mislabeled classical) to exorcise such modern conservative hobgoblins as the Tennessee Valley Authority, public works programs, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the Home Owners Loan Corporation, the Farm Credit Administration, and other measures devised in the thirties to bolster the economy.

Mr. Hazlitt's reasoning in brief is: "The government's funds all come from taxes," taken from the people "regardless of their personal wish." These would otherwise have been intrusted to private leaders "rigidly selected by a process of survival of the fittest. The government lenders are those who have passed civil service examinations and know how to answer hypothetical questions hypothetically." Government officeholders are "parasites." They invariably throw "capital into bad or at best dubious projects," and thereby divert it from profitable, "private power plants, private homes, typewriters and radios that never were allowed to come into existence because of the money that was taken from people all over the country to build the photogenic Norris dam."

To such arguments the unprejudiced economic scientist cannot help opposing certain incontrovertible facts. In the thirties government funds did not all come from taxes. There were large deficits. Congress voted all taxes and appropriations. Government-loan policy-makers such as Jesse Jones, Will Clayton, John Fahey, Marriner Eccles, *et al.* were distinguished businessmen and bankers. Practically every credit agency made money, especially the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, so that eventually there was no cost to the taxpayer. Banks continuously had excessive amounts

of idle reserves and cash. Far from withholding funds from eligible private borrowers, they had plenty for everybody. In short, Mr. Hazlitt's entire analysis here is divorced from reality.

If space permitted, one could readily demonstrate that his opposition to minimum wage legislation fails to consider the effect of higher minimum wages on worker productivity and quality of management. Moreover, present government price control is condemned on grounds valid in ordinary times, but without consideration of the reasons for its temporary use in this post-war emergency period. Furthermore, inflation is pictured as a mirage with "an immemorial *popular* appeal." Not even a mention is made of the greedy special interests, other than certain farmer and labor groups, that have engineered current price increases over the opposition of nearly four-fifths of the American public. Among other things, his exposition of the savings and investment problem, merely parallels, as it does so frequently elsewhere, the familiar distortions and ubiquitous propaganda of certain powerful pressure groups.

Political reactionaries will whoop it up for this book. Most economists will be amused. But laymen desiring a genuinely scientific and popularly written introduction to economics continue to use that classic volume of Henry Clay, "Economics for the General Reader."

Dr. Theodore J. Kreps is professor of business economics at the Graduate School of Business, Stanford University.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 652)
REBECCA WEST:
ENDING IN EARNEST
(A Literary Log)

Among the most singular of fantasies . . . improvised on international themes, I have always counted chop suey, that dish which introduces a Chinese element to the American gastronomic landscape but is itself unknown to China.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SHERLOCK HOLMES RECEIVES A CLIENT

This week's quiz is dedicated to the Baker Street Irregulars, the Hounds of the Baskerville, the Speckled Band, the Scowrers, the Scandalous Bohemians, the Amateur Mendicant Society, the Dancing Men, the Diogenes Club, the Greek Interpreters, the Five Orange Pips, and all other ardent fans of the great detective, who are asked to identify the clients described below and name the story in which each appeared. Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 28.

1. Fur-trimmed boots, a deep blue cloak lined with flame-colored silk, and a black vizard mask were outstanding items in the garb of this six-foot six-inch client.
2. Unbuttoned, unmatched boots on this lovelorn lady told Sherlock that she had come away from her house in a hurry.
3. Watson himself brought this client around after the man had roused the good doctor to dress the place where his thumb used to be.
4. This agitated young lady came so early one April morning that she woke up Mrs. Hudson, who woke up Sherlock, who woke up Watson.
5. The first action of this pompous visitor was to stagger against the table, slip to the floor, and lie prostrate and insensible upon the bearskin hearthrug.
6. This agitated client ran like a madman down Baker Street, came puffing and blowing into the sitting room, tore at his hair, and began beating his head against the wall.
7. The murderer himself called upon Holmes to ask him to locate his missing wife and her supposed lover.
8. This young man came at such an extremely late hour on a stormy September night that Sherlock surmised the caller must be some crony of Mrs. Hudson.
9. This man brought with him a newspaper advertisement that had procured him a temporary salary of four pounds a week for copying the Encyclopedia Britannica.
10. This client came in answer to an advertisement inserted by Holmes in all the evening papers to claim a goose and a black felt hat.

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Re-Paging Mr. Bemelmans

—*From the book.*

The Kellermeister prepares to act as peace-maker.

HOTEL BEMELMANS. By Ludwig Bemelmans. New York: The Viking Press. 1946. 380 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JACK IAMS

ANYBODY who carps at a new Bemelmans book is no friend of mine, but "Hotel Bemelmans" isn't exactly new. It consists of 33 old stories and three new ones, the old ones including all but four of the pieces from "Life Class," all but one from "Hotel Splendide," plus one each from "Small Beer" and "I Love You, I Love You, I Love You." (The jacket says all of the stories from "Life Class" and "Hotel Splendide" are included, but it exaggerates.)

They are, of course, very good stories, but they are already in perfectly satisfactory book form, all published since 1938, which is a little recent for exhumation. The three new stories are good, too, but they make a pretty shaky peg on which to hang a whole new book. I could understand it if this were a cheap reprint of the omnibus variety, but it's a three-dollar proposition.

My private suspicion is that the Viking people were counting on a new Bemelmans number for their fall list, and when Mr. B. turned up brightly with only three new stories, there was a desperate huddle in the Viking office, or in the pub downstairs. Somebody, as I envision it, plugged the dyke with the idea of wrapping up all the previous stories that dealt with hotel life in a new package—though it isn't very new. The jacket was a *New Yorker* cover.

In a brave effort to bolster their position, the publishers state that "in most cases" the stories have been "edited and polished to a fine gloss." Well, these stories first appeared in magazines like *Vogue* and *The New Yorker,* which are not known as rough-diamond peddlers. Furthermore, I spent several pleasant hours checking the new text against the original volumes and I found very little editing outside of condensation (which eliminates many rich Bemelmans touches) and transitional material worked in to cover deletions. One of the few instances of editing for editing's sake occurs in a sentence early in the prologue to "Life Class." The original sentence was: "Mother came to Rothenburg." In the new glossy version, it reads: "My mother came to Rothenburg."

All the italic matter in the earlier books turns up as roman in this one and, for my money, doesn't look as nice. I also missed the sepia wash that gingered up the illustrations for "Hotel Splendide."

Over half of the hundred-odd drawings in the book are new, as are the delightful end papers, and that is something. I suppose "Hotel Bemelmans" would make a suitable gift for somebody who was unfamiliar with the earlier works, or who never got around to buying them. But such people, I should guess, will be easily outnumbered by Bemelmans lovers who prefer their wine in the old bottles.

Padre Nicotera's Predicament

SPEAK THE SIN SOFTLY. By Cy Caldwell. New York: Julian Messner, Inc. 1946. 332 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

ONE might paraphrase Bruce Marshall in speaking of this book and refer to it as "The World, the Flesh, and Father Nicotera." But neither Mr. Marshall nor Mr. Caldwell, its author, would find that altogether fitting. Padre Nicotera is a young Italian priest who is sent to Ecuador to meet the spiritual needs of a parish whose members only remotely resemble the Scottish congregation of Father Smith. A young idealist, fresh from the seminary, he is placed in immediate conflict with vice and superstition.

Padre Nicotera begins to discover a world at variance with what he has been taught and what he believes most fervently when he boards at Panama the steamer which is to take him to Ecuador. There is Madame Angele, beer-swilling and amoral, with her daughter Lili, to whom a handsome man of the cloth is only a more desirable male. More provocative than these, however, is Captain Robles, whose philosophy of life is based on decades of observation of humanity in a portion of the world where the very climate contributes to the emphasis of character or to the lack of it.

It is the struggle of church and state, however, which stretches the priest beyond the limits of his physical and spiritual resilience. The power of his sympathy draws him to the attention of the ecclesiastical authorities. The higher politics of religion and secular power lead to the employment of methods too base for one whose ethics and scruples have been tempered by idealism. Oddly enough, the rationalization of both sides is presented by the author with an amazing understanding of the deviousness into which men of intense conviction can be led.

Readers with a more particularized social consciousness will focus their interest on the more familiar but always entrancing subject of the temptation of a saintly man by a seductive enchantress. Father Nicotera's ways with sinners will not always please the narrowly orthodox, but one can say with reverence that they would probably please his Master. His defense of his church against the wicked Captain Salinas is the climax of his compromises with the realities of human actions.

Cy Caldwell has led an active life. His piloting of airplanes in peace and in war has taken him to odd corners of the world, where he has observed and remembered all sorts of people. This, his first novel, is a successful mixture of exotic setting, colorful character study, and philosophic comment. Caldwell has something to say and says it well.

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THE AUTHORITY

THROUGHOUT the literary centers of the country a controversy is raging over a proposal by James M. Cain for an American Authors' Authority. It appeared in the July issue of *The Screen Writer,* a publication of the Screen Writers' Guild, and is unanimously backed by the board of that powerful union. Until last week the controversy lacked substance because few people were able to get hold of the text of Mr. Cain's startling proposal. But on September 13, it was front-page news that fifty prominent writers had formed the American Writers' Association to combat what it charged was an attempt to establish a monopoly control over all the literary material in the country.

In essence, Mr. Cain's proposal sets up a five-man board labeled The Authority (a somewhat ominous title) that would control and coördinate the work of four writers' Guilds—those of the Authors, Screen Writers, Radio Writers, and Dramatists. The Authority would copyright in its own name all material produced by writers, except that not subject to the author's copyright. It would act in an advisory and legal capacity on all transactions, lease rights under the copyright on behalf of the author, furnish "aggressive" field representatives to deal with publishers, picture companies, etc., attempt to secure a new copyright law and through lobbies to reduce writers' taxes.

The Authority proposes to finance itself by a service charge of one per cent of the total take on all the transactions it clears, whether from magazines, books, newspapers, motion pictures, or the radio. Later it will add another percentage to be levied "relentlessly" on the purchasers which is to be pooled into an American Authors' Fund and used for the benefit of member writers.

According to Mr. Cain, all four of the Guilds would profit immediately from the membership dues of writers who turned over their new and old copyrights to the Authority. As he says, "Writers will have to join up and pay up." Since the outright sale of any material whatsoever would be eliminated, screen writers, he believes, might eventually recapture the present holdings of the studios, which have been long ago bought and paid for. Authors and dramatists would see the end of what he calls the vicious trade practices from which they have suffered, and they might regain the rights to their old properties. Radio writers by the use of the copyright could look forward to the creation of properties that are now claimed by the corporations, and all writers would gain by the vigorous enforcement of their rights and by recurring contracts negotiated by the Authority. The Authority would presumably be in the ring fighting for the writer at all times, keeping track of his foreign and reprint rights and all the other rights and profits that Mr. Cain believes are now stolen from him by avaricious magazines, publishers, agents, the radio, motion pictures, and everyone else who takes advantage of his gullibility and lack of business sense.

This glamorous proposal is written with all of the enthusiasm and confidence of a wildcat oil company's prospectus. It even envisages an extension into other fields, as if the prospectively enormous revenue from percentages and dues was not enough. Why not accept the copyrights of songwriters, painters, designers, etc., it suggests? Mr. Cain's etcetera might include every field of artistic endeavor known to man. This is a "blue sky" proposal with a vengeance. Now that it has climbed out of the pages of a magazine of small circulation and has presented itself as a vital issue to the writers outside of Hollywood and radio studios, it will certainly meet with the opposition of all established businesses dealing with writers, all of the responsible authors' agents, and, it is to be presumed, of nearly all of the independent writers in this country.

It is obvious that any all-embracing Authority of this nature, owning the copyrights to the works of a majority of American writers, advising them and perhaps controlling their contracts and negotiations with publishers here and abroad, with the theatre, motion pictures, and the radio, financed by percentages taken from every sale of any kind, could without much difficulty strangle free speech and free literary enterprise. Mr. Cain has perhaps naively explained the methods that could be used in his explanation of how the motion pictures might be forced to give back to the writers, in this case to the Authority,. the screen rights they now control.

"Through the united action of the screen writers," he suggests, "this might take the form of announcing that as of a certain date they will not work on any material except that whose copyright is owned by the Authority. Then to get a script done on one of these old properties, even a modernized rewrite of a previous script, they have to employ a member of the Guild and to get him they have to get the copyright assigned, they are not sitting as pretty as they thought (*sic*)."

There is only a step or two from that to telling a magazine editor or a publisher that a member of the Guild will not sell his work to him while he publishes other writers whose copyrights are not owned by the Authority. Imagine, then, that any one of the four Guilds to which a writer belongs dislikes the political beliefs expressed in a manuscript which is sent to the Authority for copyright. As might be expected, questions as to the political ideology of the backers of this fabulous scheme have been raised. The newspapers have perhaps made excessive capital of the statement by the American Writers' Association that since "the Screen Writers' Guild has well known pro-Communists in its leadership, color has been given to the charge that it was communist inspired, as well as the fact that the *Daily Worker* and other communist publications are giving the project all-out support."

Whether there are Communists in Hollywood and in radio studios or not, it is our opinion that the American Authors' Authority is dangerous and unworkable. And that it is what we like to call un-American is obvious from the threats of intimidation invented by Mr. Cain in these sentences: "This will compel every writer in the country hoping for picture or magazine sale to send his work to the Authority for copyright before magazines or publishers get it." If this should ever come about, no fiction writer or popular non-fiction writer could escape. Of course they can retire to their farms purchased with the ill-gotten profits of magazines and motion picture owners, turn their swimming pools into asparagus beds, and devote themselves to cows and agriculture murmuring, "Give me liberty or give me death!" H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

When Is a Pun a Pun?

SIR: As one of your most devoted readers, I am sure you will not mind if I remonstrate with you about that rather awful pun sequence in Trade Winds this week (*SRL*, Aug. 24). Not that I mind such nonsense about Norwegian engineers. Far from it! But why not extract every bit of juice from it by altering the line to read "never the twains shall meet"?

May I take this opportunity to tell you how much pleasure we get from Trade Winds every week.

ROBERT H. MERRILL.

Detroit, Mich.

The editors absolve Mr. Cerf of all responsibility for the missing "s." The "s" appeared in Mr. Cerf's copy and in the proofs that were corrected. How it disappeared is one of those mysteries that will never be solved; no one, perhaps understandably, is anxious to confess the boner that took the edge off a good story.

A Word for the Churches

SIR: If it is permissible to base a communication to the *SRL* on a Biblical quotation, I should like to take as a text for what follows I Sam. x, 11: "Is Saul also among the prophets?"

Since my initial subscription to the *SRL* (which goes back to Vol I, No. 1), I have occasionally found in it matter which seemed out of character, but I have never before had such a jolt as I experienced when I read "Their Brothers' Keepers" (Aug. 10). Editorially the *SRL* has rarely assumed any definite attitude with regard to institutional Christianity, but the tenor of the average article which touches the subject at all has been that the churches are nothing but the worst kind of bad jokes and that their supporters are either hypocrites or blockheads. These assumptions, it seems fair to suppose, would not be so constantly made if they were not believed to represent a pretty general consensus among the *SRL's* constituency.

Having read "Their Brother's Keepers" I, therefore, feel an astonishment similar to that felt by the Israelites at finding the materialistic Saul suddenly turned into a prophet. "Their Brothers' Keepers" is a story of prejudice and injustice met, and successfully met, not by any group of liberals, uplifters, or reformers but by the pastor of the local Methodist church, backed up by his parishioners and by his bishop. When the leading article in an issue of the *SRL* is devoted to telling how church people, and more particularly Methodists, made good, while the sophisticates were seemingly conspicuous by their absence, the phenomenon is worthy of comment. Would Mr. Neuberger, I wonder, object to one's finding in his narrative a suggestion that the self-assurance of the intellectuals has possibly carried them rather far and that the despised churches, after all, may have hold on something fundamental? Two thousand years ago a similar self-assurance was expressed by asking: "Have any of the rulers or of the Pharisees believed on him?" History, nevertheless, has not given a very high place to the men who framed the question.

HAROLD S. DAVIS.

Boston, Mass.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"But Mr. Greeley—I like it here in the East!"

Runs on Titles

SIR: E. T. Morneweck's letter in the August 10 issue and the editorial of the following week called "Little Book, What Is Your Name?" relieved me of writing an article about book titles, for both summed up the scope of the intended discussion except for one aspect:

Titles seem to be guided by fashions. "Gone with the Wind" sponsored quite a number of titles containing the word "Wind." After the success of "Stars Fell on Alabama," there followed quite a galaxy of stars. In order to verify this, I started a research in the *Book Review Digest*, but I got lost in the dark—literally—in the word *dark*. I found:

"Dark Danger," a spy story of World War II, by Horler.
"Dark Medallion," a tragic story of a Missouri family, told from a little girl's point of view, by Langley.
"Dark Night of the Soul," obviously borrowed from St. John of the Cross, a discussion of suffering and sin, by Harkness.
"Dark Prophecy," a detective story by Alan, which one reviewer labeled soporific.
"Dark Rainbow," a tragic romance of World War II, by Butler.
"Dark Sails," a historical novel of Colonial days, by Miller.
"Dark Rosaleen," a story of Ireland, by Blundell, and
"Dark Symphony," a Negro's autobiography, by Adams.

This bears out my theory that certain words become fashionable and they are used in titles, regardless of subject. I don't think writers choose them consciously: perhaps a word or a phrase reechoes in the mind, and the author says: "That would make a good title"—and then he begins to make up a story, or a poem, or an essay. One thing is certain: it's very difficult to get a title after the poem, or story, or essay has been written.

SR. M. MARGUERITE, RSM.

Baltimore, Md.

SRL *files disclose 102 titles beginning with "Dark" or "The Dark," including two "Dark Horses."*—THE EDITOR.

Hymns of Hate

SIR: I'd like to slay, and I'm not jokin',
Those who say "By the same token."

JUANA FOUST.

Alexandria, Va.

SIR: It riles me, I confess,
When a thoughtless wight
Replies "That's right!"
Instead of simply "Yes."

GRETA SACKETT.

Farmingdale, N. J.

SIR: Although in prose and poetry I see it,
I've never heard an author say "albeit."

JUNE WROBLESKI.

Rocky River, Ohio

SIR: May mildew blight his every blurb
Who uses "contact" as a verb.

HELEN PLOTZ.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: I'll get a pain almost neuralgic
Next time I read the word *nostalgic*.

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

Brandon, Vt.

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TRADE Winds

P. S. TO "AN HONORABLE TITAN"

Bennett Cerf is on vacation. Guest columnist this week is J. R. Cominsky, who, before he came to SRL *as Executive Vice-President, was National Advertising Manager of* The New York Times.

GERALD W. JOHNSON'S man-and-his-times biography of Adolph S. Ochs ("An Honorable Titan") may be described—to borrow from the lexicon of the bombardier—as a near miss. Mr. Johnson started out to place the great publisher of *The New York Times* in historical perspective and that was his undoing. The perspective dwarfed the man, and what emerged was a solid and scholarly treatise of a period into which it was difficult to fit Mr. Ochs because his personality and accomplishments were in striking contrast to those of men like Morgan, Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, and others. As a result the book took on something of the tone of a defense of Mr. Ochs. Neither the man nor his work, of course, called for such an approach.

Newspapermen generally were disappointed in the book's deficiencies as a biography because it was labeled "a biographical study." They felt it gave no really satisfying picture of the man.

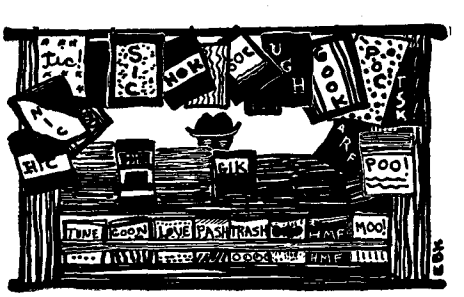
MR. OCHS'S journalistic credo began and ended with the reader. Reader acceptance, reader confidence, reader enthusiasm warmed his heart. Advertising was necessary to success but always secondary; nothing would have shocked him more than to have an advertising salesman imply editorial favors in soliciting an account. As a matter of fact, although he never so stated his attitude, he gave this writer the impression that the *sale* of advertising was undignified. For after all, had he not built the most respected newspaper in America and did not the product speak for itself? Why, then, did advertisers have to be pleaded with or cajoled, or more bluntly—"sold"?

SO INTENSE WAS Mr. Ochs's preoccupation with creating the best possible newspaper that he gave little or no heed to promotional or selling techniques particularly as regards advertising or circulation. The *Times* advertising volume rose to some 32,000,000 agate lines in a year (1929) with only one promotion copy writer and a single, part-time advertising promotion supervisor and a limited advertising sales staff. He was fortunate in that the product itself was of a nature to constitute its own best promotion piece. *Times* readers made the best possible advertising prospects; the competition of radio and newspaper group selling was nonexistent, and the magazines were not the serious rivals for the advertising dollar they are today.

PERHAPS ONE of the best statements ever made by Mr. Ochs with reference to his basic policy as a publisher was in a letter written on November 21, 1901 to an advertiser who asked what he considered some humiliating promises from the *Times* with respect to its policies:

> You must excuse me from discussing with you the policy of *The New York Times*. It is a subject we do not care to discuss with an advertiser. . . .
>
> We do not want to sail under false colors. *The New York Times* is not published solely for the purpose of attracting advertisers. We hope, however, to attract by the number and the class of our readers. We are seeking to secure the good-will and confidence of intelligent, discriminating newspaper readers. The advertiser is a secondary consideration. . . . You seem to wish that *The New York Times* should go about as a mendicant begging for advertising patronage. We will never do anything of the kind and are happy to say there is no occasion for our doing so.

MR. OCHS'S DEVOTION to his readers was well illustrated by the introduction of what was a sensational innovation in newspaper publishing in its day—the rotogravure picture section in the Sunday edition. Observing the process in operation in Germany, Mr. Ochs imported the equipment from that country and surprised his readers on April 5, 1914, with an eight-page section that reproduced thirty-seven pictures from the famous Altman art collection. There was no advertising in the section. The following Sunday the *Times* carried a four-page section with seventeen photographs of the Holy Land taken during Lent of that year. There was still no advertising. However, advertisers soon recognized the tremendous appeal of this section to *Times* readers, and by May 3 the section carried thirty advertisers. Prior to rotogravure as a regular Sunday feature, the Sunday circulation of the *Times* lagged about 100,000 behind the daily average. Within a few years, Sunday sales were approximately 100,000 ahead of the daily average.



In 1931, while Mr. Ochs was in Honolulu, the advertising sales department of the *Times* was cooking up an unusual idea with Warner Brothers Pictures. The culmination was a proposed four-page rotogravure advertisement in the *Times* costing approximately $20,000 for a single insertion. When the sales department told Louis Wiley, the business manager, what was in the wind, Mr. Wiley cabled Mr. Ochs. Within a few hours came the reply. It was simple and direct, and worth framing in any newspaper office. Under no circumstances was the *Times* to accept such a four-page advertisement. First, his cable argued, it would be disturbing to *Times* readers to have to wade through four consecutive pages of advertising, and secondly, he did not wish Warner Brothers to have so substantial an advertising investment in the paper. For, he went on, the *Times* was in a position where it had to appraise Warner Brothers productions, and if the reviews were favorable, the public might draw the inference that its critic was influenced by the advertising. If the reviews were unfavorable, his cablegram cautioned, the *Times* business department undoubtedly would be in trouble with Warner Brothers. So he consented to accept two pages, but not four. However, later in his career, he accepted larger ads and sections because he felt more secure in his relationship with his readers.

AS TO MR. OCHS'S personal habits, likes, and dislikes, a few facts seem worth recording. He did not smoke during his entire day's work, but might consent to a cigarette in the evening if it were offered him. He drank only rarely except on social occasions when toasts were being drunk or when non-drinking would make him conspicuous. The *Times* took so much of his energy and so many hours of his day that he was able to read few books. He cared little for classical music but would enjoy

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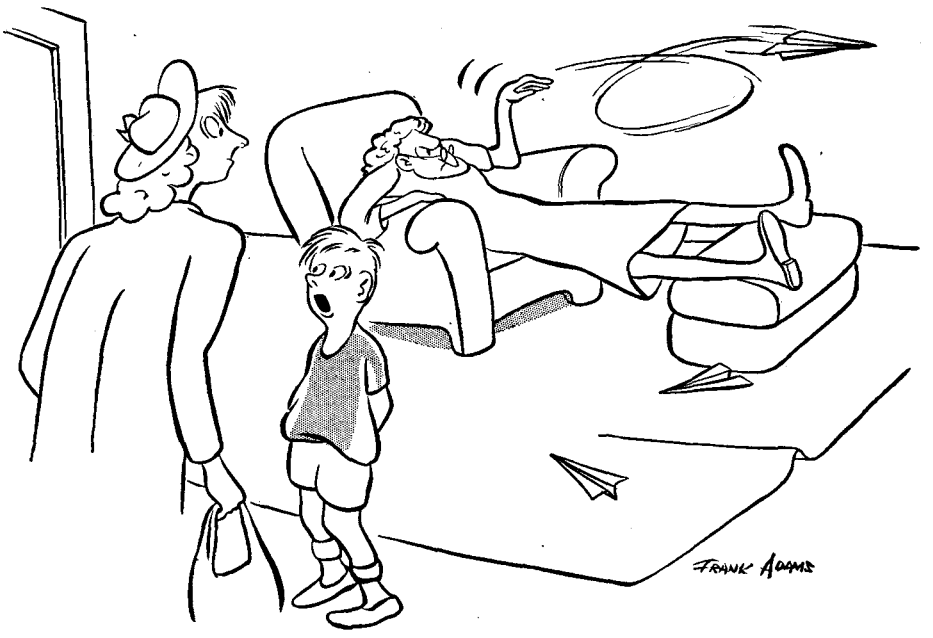

"Grandma has been restless ever since she stopped building bombers."

a popular melody. What seemed to afford him the greatest pleasure and relaxation was dancing and taking long walks. He was a man of practically no eccentricities—a man who erred on the side of kindliness to many people who were undeserving of it.

MR. OCHS WAS one of the world's least ostentatious men considering his wealth. Probably at no time was he more uncomfortable than on the day he occupied the $100,000 private car of the late John M. Davis, president of the Delaware & Lackawanna Railroad, to travel to Rochester for the sixtieth birthday party for the *Times* business manager, Louis Wiley, whom he was happy to acknowledge as one of the men who had helped him to build the paper. In addition to Mr. Ochs and Mr. Davis, the car carried Samuel W. Reyburn, then president of Lord & Taylor, and Father Duffy, the famous chaplain of the Fighting 69th. Of all the persons aboard the car, Father Duffy seemed to be having the best time. The food was superb, and Father Duffy re-ordered several times and also made the most of the other conveniences and comforts to a point where he attracted the attention of Mr. Ochs, who turned to the priest and said: "Father Duffy, you take to this life like a duck to water. I just don't know what to do with myself in this traveling paradise."

On this same trip, Mr. Ochs attended a garden party and met the late Bishop J. Francis O'Hern, then head of the Catholic diocese of Rochester. Bishop O'Hern greeted Mr. Ochs with extraordinary warmth and took at least ten minutes to tell him how much pleasure he had derived from reading the *Times* for twenty-five years, stressing the fact that he had never missed a single issue in all that time. As the Bishop went on he grew increasingly enthusiastic about the newspaper, almost to the point where Mr. Ochs seemed embarrassed. At the first opening, Mr. Ochs said, "Bishop O'Hern, I am very grateful for your kind words. Ordinarily, when people say such things to me, I say 'May your tribe increase and multiply.' But in your case I am at a loss for words."

MR. JOHNSON begins his prologue with the following paragraph:

> When Adolph S. Ochs, publisher of *The New York Times*, died in 1935, the mayor of New York proclaimed a day of public mourning, the President of the United States sent a magnificent wreath, all over the continent the wires of the Associated Press were stilled for two minutes and tributes pourned in from the illustrious of many nations.

True. But perhaps the greatest tribute paid to Mr. Ochs as a man was the inconsolable grief that affected the Negro elevator operators in the *Times* Annex when the sad news was received. Never has the writer seen sorrow so deeply etched on human faces. The deep emotion was for one who was much more than an employer to them. Each felt the loss as a personal one because of the sense of intimate attachment that always existed between Mr. Ochs and those who served him long and faithfully no matter in what capacity.

J. R. COMINSKY.

"From where I sit"

I HAVE never been to Arabia, ibn saud, I have a picture of it in my mind. From the sea which surrounds it, you look at high bluffs or cliffs levelling off into a sort of tableland of desert. But even my imagination of it cannot furnish me with a picture of its interior, and it remains for me as mysterious and intriguing as it was for Winter, the thoughtful man who made **A Journey To The Interior** in search of Rider, an official of the same oil company, who had disappeared months before.

A Journey To The Interior is partly the story of that search, but more importantly, Winter's search for his own peace of mind. The latter search brings him in contact with several people like Nellie whom he finally realizes belongs to him, like Lynn, and Osman, and the Fords. And from the technical standpoint of plot and action, this is good. They are all interesting and carefully-developed characters. But the book is much more than a good yarn, an evening's reading.

It's easy enough to call a book *a fine piece of writing*, but the finest writing has to be about something or it is just so many words written by a man who likes to see himself write. P. H. NEWBY has a good deal to say about Mr. Winter because he knows just exactly what's going on in the man's fertile mind. NEWBY reveals what he knows in lucid descriptions which come as a relief after the humdrum expressions we read all day; and in the stream-of-consciousness approach to Winter's thoughts. It's the sort of book that should not be rushed through at one sitting—you can't gulp it down. If you try to, you miss half of it. The book itself strolls at times rather than rushing headlong at events, a thing which gives it a kind of narcotic, far-off ease.

And far-off it is too. The author himself is lecturing at Alexandria, not too far from the scene of his novel. From the biographical folder he filled out for us, he doesn't seem to think he has ever done much of anything—a few things like going into France with the British Expeditionary Force, that's all. But he'll be doing more, and my guess is that he'll be writing novels you will want to read.

paul

DOUBLEDAY

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THE FINE ARTS

ALFRED STIEGLITZ

ON July 13, Alfred Stieglitz died in New York, a figure of legend and extraordinary fact, a man often at bay and never afraid. He was one of the few very great photographers in the medium's short history. The statement can be made without risk of authoritative contradiction, for though his photographs have not been seen in quantity for many years, though his active career as a photographer began in the 1880s and ended some time ago, his position seems more and more secure. His prints are unanswerable evidence. They cover nearly every tendency discernible in twentieth-century photography; they summarize most of these; they inaugurated a majority. Their quality is superb. The eye was right, and everything followed. I suppose Stieglitz knew as much about techinque as anyone, but he never let it limit him to craftsmanship or drive him to repetition. He was in control of his medium, and he had a tremendous amount to say with it. In a technique-ridden and defensive profession, he worked richly, with varied eloquence and an authentic sense of visual revelation.

Stieglitz struggled all his life to establish photography as an art equal to painting, sculpture, and (more reasonably) the graphic arts. Perhaps he came nearest to success in his own photographs; I think only a purist would question their right to hang with the finest etchings and lithographs of our time. But besides Stieglitz the photographer, there was Stieglitz the theorician and fighter. He began his career at the time of photography's low ebb, when everywhere photographers were aping painters, using all manner of tricks to deny the machine and the chemistry with which photography was inextricably involved. Stieglitz was one of the first, easily the most persuasive, of those who insisted that photography accept its own nature and limitations and work honestly within them.

His battle was won long since, for himself and for all serious photographers. It is true, however, that in his fight to make photography a peer rather than a manservant of the fine arts, Stieglitz was occasionally forced to deny certain fundamentals of the photographic medium. He insisted, for example, that in many cases only one completely satisfactory print could be made from a negative, thus claiming for a photograph the rarity and irreplaceability of a painting. His assertion ran contrary to the historical fact that ever since the daguerreotype was abandoned for negative-positive techniques, photography has been basically a multiple medium. Stieglitz, however, did not try to defend his stand on practical grounds. "But then," he wrote, "along comes one print that embodies something that you have to say that is subtle and elusive, something that is still a straight print, but when shown with a thousand mechanically made prints, has something that the others don't have. What is it that this print has? It is certainly something not based on a trick. It is something born of spirit—and spirit is an intangible while the mechanical is tangible." This argument is answered by impressive evidence that a trained technician can make at least three or four indistinguishable prints from the same negative. Yet we must admit the crusading advantage to photography of Stieglitz's insistence on supreme and unique effort in a medium so casually practised as a rule. And perhaps he *did* see differences between prints which escape less sensitive eyes. In any case, this would not be the first time that heresy has led to improvement, and no one can deny that photography's debt to Stieglitz is staggering. To him, as theorist and master, it owes a great part of its new dignity; to him photographers can be thankful that theirs is a professional, not hopelessly a popular art, capable of great individuality of expression and the utmost integrity of use.

As the child of a family of moderate wealth, Stieglitz received his higher education abroad, in Germany. He returned to America in 1890 and began to send to exhibitions all over the world the photographs which won him an unbelievable number of medals. He was not in any sense a frustrated photographer, yearning for a fame which went to others less talented. Soon, on the contrary, he was perhaps the best known photographer in the world; his prestige was enormous, his rewards unceasing. But out of impersonal conviction he was determined to reform photography's corruption, and he quite naturally became the editor in succession of three magazines: *American Amateur Photographer* (1891-96); *Camera Notes* (1897-1902); and *Camera Work* (1902-17). The fifty issues of the last-named publication are, of course, classics in the field; nowhere has such superlative reproduction of photographs appeared, and with the conspicuous exception of the Frenchman Eugène Atget nearly every great photographer of the period was treated in its pages, together with such earlier but neglected masters as David Octavius Hill and Mrs. Julia Cameron. Moreover, *Camera Work* published the painting and sculpture of the European and American rebels in art who slowly, and under grievous strain, were forcing academic opposition to its knees. But being a photographer was not enough for Stieglitz's energy, nor editing his magazines, and presently, in 1905, he opened his famous gallery "291" as a rallying point and clearing house for advanced painters and photographers. The gallery was succeeded by the Intimate Gallery (1925-29) and by An American Place, which opened in 1930 and in which Stieglitz spent the last frail years of his life.

There is, then, the third Stieglitz to be considered—Stieglitz the "dealer." One uses the word in quotes, because Stieglitz considered himself the protector of artists rather than their agent, and was contemptuous of the commercial aspects of art dealing: violently so, mystically so. And perhaps before going on to recount the extraordinary contribution of his galleries to modern art, a word must be said about his beliefs as to picture dealing. His basic theory was that art was beyond price and that only the deserving should have it to enjoy. The attitude was due to a reaction from an American philosophy, more widespread then than now, that anything could be bought at a figure. At Stieglitz's galleries nothing could be bought unless the purchaser was qualified by devotion; price had little to do with market values, but varied according to the means of the buyer and the dealer's qualitative estimates of his pictures. I suppose the method was effective: it helped create the

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THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

The Musical Hit
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Iva Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Norma Howard, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Harold Keel • David Burns • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Theatre Guild & John C. Wilson present
ALFRED LUNT • LYNN FONTANNE
"O Mistress Mine"
A Comedy by TERRENCE RATTIGAN
Directed by MR. LUNT
EMPIRE THEA., 40 & Bway. Mats. Thurs., Sat.

"Merman's A Wow!"—Chapman, News
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd present
ETHEL MERMAN
In The Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS
with RAY MIDDLETON
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St., West of B'way
Eves 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

LELAND HAYWARD presents
1946 PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
RALPH BELLAMY • KAY FRANCIS
STATE OF THE UNION
A New Comedy
by Howard Lindsay & Russel Crouse
with MYRON McCORMICK, MINOR WATSON, MARGALO GILLMORE
HUDSON, 44 St., E. of B'way. AIR-COND.
Evgs. 8:35. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:35

"Enchanting—Brilliant!"
—Watts, Sat. Rev. of Lit.
KERN AND HAMMERSTEIN'S
"Show Boat"
Music by JEROME KERN
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the novel by EDNA FERBER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
ZIEGFELD THEA. 54th St. & 6th Ave.
Eves. 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Sharp

leading reputations of many of Stieglitz's artists; it somehow supported them and sold their paintings. But a large number of collectors and museum curators found it hopelessly irritating, and I am far from convinced that in the long run it was to the best interests either of art or artists. For great art is not soiled by price. Rather it passes clean through no matter how grubby hands, and finds its own value in the end, dignified instead of injured by its struggle in the market place. It seems to me that living artists sell more widely and receive a truer encouragement if their pictures are offered at fixed and known prices. Of course we live now in a more appreciative art-time than the bitter years of "291," and if Stieglitz's painters were satisfied with his system, that is perhaps the most important thing. They worshipped him to a man.

Stieglitz the dealer was at first remarkable for the range of his interests in art, later for his magnificent fidelity to the few American painters of his inner group—Marin, O'Keeffe, Dove, especially. The first few years of "291" were given over to photography shows of the Photo-Secession group, but in 1908 began the series of exhibitions which prepared the way for the Armory Show of 1913. Rodin, Matisse, Alfred Maurer, Marin, Marsden Hartley, Toulouse-Lautrec, Arthur Dove, Max Weber, Henri Rousseau, Cézanne, Picasso, the drawings of children—these were all shown before 1913, and soon after Brancusi, O'Keeffe, and Negro Sculpture were added.

There is finally Stieglitz the magnetic personality, who drew to him many of the first-rate creative people of our century and gave them tremendous stimulation and devotion. I did not know him well enough to speak of him in this regard, but I wish that one day his story might be fully told. The story was begun in 1934 by a group of his disciples who published a book with a tremulous title, "America and Alfred Stieglitz." The book is an invaluable reference work on Stieglitz, and much of his greatness comes through. But on the whole its tone is self-conscious and inorganic, as anything becomes which labors excessively the "organic" principle; the writing is often heavy-lidded with somnambulistic worship. Its subject was a very special person indeed. Cannot we soon have a careful book on him by one of the top American scholars in photography, like Beaumont Newhall or Robert Taft, dry-eyed and fair, giving us the measure of Stieglitz's immense quality as artist and man?

JAMES THRALL SOBY.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center
"One of the best . . . most exciting of the year."
—COOKE, WORLD-TELEGRAM
Cary Grant Ingrid Bergman
in ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
"NOTORIOUS"
with CLAUDE RAINS
An RKO Radio Picture
ON THE GREAT STAGE
"COLORAMA"—Lavish and radiant spectacle . . . produced by Leonidoff, settings by Bruno Maine . . . with the Corps de Ballet, Glee Club, Rockettes and Music Hall Symphony Orchestra directed by Charles Previn.

CARY GRANT ALEXIS SMITH
Night and Day
IN TECHNICOLOR!!!
WITH ALL THOSE COLE PORTER SONGS
MONTY WOOLLEY • GINNY SIMMS
JANE WYMAN and MARY MARTIN
WARNERS' HOLLYWOOD
BROADWAY AT 51 ST.
OPENS 10:30 A.M. • CONTINUOUS • LATE FILM 11.45 P. M.

Paramount Presents
BOB HOPE
JOAN CAULFIELD
in
MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE
Produced by Paul Jones
Directed by George Marshall
IN PERSON
Charlie Spivak and Orchestra
Bob Evans The Arnaut Brothers
EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION
PEGGY LEE
Times Square PARAMOUNT Midnight Feature Nightly

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SCREEN

NEVER BEFORE SUCH LUXURIOUS...RIOTOUS... LOVING AND LIVING!

G. C. F. presents
VIVIEN LEIGH* • CLAUDE RAINS
in Bernard Shaw's
"CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA"

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY
Gabriel Pascal
*By Arrangement with DAVID O. SELZNICK

NOW ASTOR B'way & 45th St.
POPULAR PRICES

June Haver • George Montgomery
Vivian Blaine • Celeste Holm
Vera-Ellen • Frank Latimore
in
"THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE"
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
IN TECHNICOLOR
•
ON STAGE
BEATRICE KAY
•
MARY RAYE & NALDI
EXTRA!
MAURICE ROCCO
NOW ROXY 7th Ave. & 50th St.

BALLET

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE BEG. SEPT. 29
S. HUROK presents
Original
BALLET RUSSE

COL. W. DE BASIL, Director General
Featuring the
GREATEST HITS IN BALLET HISTORY
GLAMOROUS STARS ★ COMPANY OF 150 ★ SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Premiere: $1.20 to $7.20. Other Evgs. incl. Sun.: $1.20 to $4.80. Mats. Sat. & Sun.: $1.20 to $3.60 (Tax Incl.)
2000 SEATS $1.00 to $1.50 (Plus tax) AT ALL PERFS.

Woman's World

DOUBLE WEDDING RING. By Josephine Lawrence. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1946. 301 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

A WISE woman once remarked that love always flows downhill from the older to the younger generation, and Miss Lawrence's novel seems to make the same point. It tells the story of a mother who had spent her hard-working early years in cooking and caring for her five children only to find herself in her prosperous fifties with an empty house and too little to do. She longed of course to be needed and to minister to the young people whose lives, patently askew, she was not permitted to straighten.

Indeed the post-war lives of Minnie's children present almost every problem known to the readers of Dorothy Dix: hasty marriages, unwanted babies, career mothers forced to leave their children to incompetent helpers, couples unable to afford the households they crave, a middle-aged philanderer seeking his lost youth in an affair with a younger woman, his wife's efforts to cope with the situation tactfully and sartorially. The tale includes murder, suicide, and kidnapping, abortion and death, but these seem incidental somehow. The main emphasis is rather on the smaller ills of daily living, especially on those ills arising from relations between the older and younger generations in the same family.

The details are copious and photographic, but, like the plot, more real than substantial.

John Mason Brown is on vacation. Seeing Things will be resumed in the October 5 issue.

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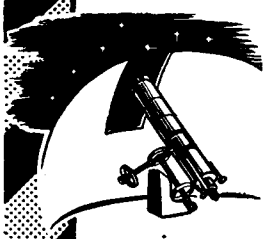
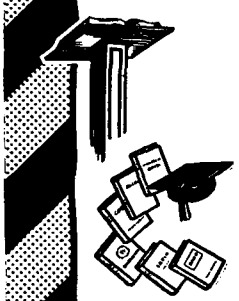


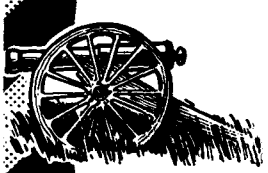
In 1773, John, "the Old Judge," was becoming famous as the most eminent abolitionist in Massachusetts.

In 1803 his son, John, "the Rebel," gave up a brilliant career because he could not secure an acquittal for a man who murdered for love.

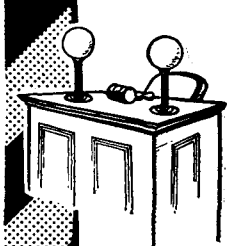


In 1833 his nephew, John, Junior," left America to follow the Marco Polo route to India and so around the world. By the banks of the Nile he wrote the beneficent will that established the Lowell Institute, and died in Bombay.

In 1864, Charles died at 29, at Cedar Creek, while his general's commission was in the mail.



In 1885, when ambassador James Russell resigned his London post, Queen Victoria said that during her reign no ambassador had "created so much interest and won so much regard as Mr. Lowell."



And in 1900, four Lowells were important figures — Guy Lowell, who designed Manhattan's 20 million dollar hexagonal court house; Percival Lowell, exuberant stargazer, traveller, writer, interpreter of the Japanese, and discoverer of Pluto; A. Lawrence Lowell, whose "greatest achievement," said the University's historian, "was that he sold education to Harvard College"; and Amy Lowell, the fat, cigar-smoking poetess whose figure dominated the American literary scene when the century was in its teens.

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The Scientist as Citizen

THE ENGINEER IN SOCIETY. By *John Mills. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co.* 1946. 196 *pp.* $2.50.

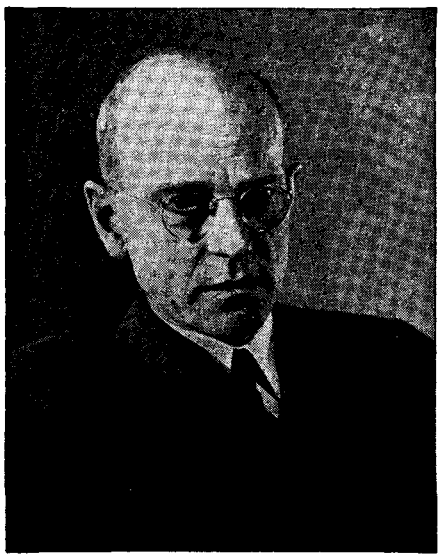
Reviewed by HARRISON BROWN

WHEN, in late September of 1945, a group of scientists who had been concerned with the development of the atomic bomb issued a public statement expressing viewpoints as to the social and political consequences of the advent of atomic energy, a new era in the relationship of technology to politics was opened. For the first time large numbers of scientists vociferously expressed their opinions concerning a political problem of world-wide importance.

The public statement of the Association of Oak Ridge Scientists was followed quickly by similar statements issued by atomic research groups located in other parts of the country. All of the statements reflected a deep sense of responsibility and urgency. All reflected a passionate desire on the part of the scientists to help the people of the world understand the problem of atomic energy and the consequences of ill-considered viewpoints and actions. The statements were written in a style markedly distinct from the usual cold public statements issued by groups of scientists in the past. Expressions such as the following are strange, indeed, emanating from technical men:

> We scientists who have been working on atomic bombs as a necessary military measure in time of national peril did so with misgivings concerning the ultimate repercussions of such a discovery. . . .
>
> We, as scientists who knowingly contributed to the development of atomic power and the atomic bomb, feel keenly the responsibilities we accepted in helping to create this force, first used as a weapon of destruction. . . .
>
> The choice that remains to us is that which we described: abandonment of our cities as a prelude to war; or the achievement of a wholly independent and powerful world authority.

Within a few weeks after the initial outbursts, the various groups of Manhattan Project scientists banded together to form the Federation of Atomic Scientists with a central office in Washington, an announced program of public and Congressional education on problems of atomic energy, and a program of political action designed to aid in the creation of reasonable atomic energy legislation. Shortly thereafter a much broader organization, the Federation of American Scientists, was created comprising, in addition to the atomic scientists, large scientific groups from various parts of the country, including radar and rocket experts as well as groups of scientists who had not been particularly involved in those three major war activities.



John Mills: "It should not have required . . . an atomic bomb to direct attention to the political importance of science . . ."

The question as to whether or not scientists and engineers would ever apply their energies on a large scale to social and political problems was thus answered. The questions that remain to be answered are: How effective can one reasonably expect them to be; and for how long a time will their social and political enthusiasm last?

John Mills wisely and wittily comments on the probable lifetime of the Association of Oak Ridge Scientists in his new book:

> It is too early to tell what will happen to that association. If past practice predicts, it will turn into an honorary society of those that were in at the start. Then, you will find it mentioned in the biographies of "Who's Who in America," just as are the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Although the probability of Mr. Mills's prognostication coming true must certainly be taken into account, the process of organization and the rapid growth of a feeling of social and political responsibility on the part of scientists and engineers throughout the United States have reached the point where such an eventuality would be dubious indeed. It required the development of an atomic bomb to awaken the technical men of this country to the need for action; but the bomb has annihilated the political lethargy that has been such a dominant characteristic of their careers. The Association of Oak Ridge Scientists might die, the Federation of Atomic Scientists might die; but the spirit of action will remain, and somehow an organization of engineers and scientists will continue to exist for political action and study.

Mr. Mills states in his preface that "it should not have required the development of an atomic bomb to direct attention to the political importance of science and engineering." It did require such a development, however, and the prime reasons lie in the nature of the technical men and in the conditioning processes that make of him what he is. Mr. Mills's descriptions of that nature and of some of those processes make of his book worthwhile reading for all engineers and scientists, and for those charged with the responsibility of educating, hiring, and controlling technical men. The book is unfortunately written in a style that would tend to make rather boring reading for those not already reasonably familiar with the nature of the engineer and the scientist. Nevertheless, those persons who have recently come into contact with the scientist for the first time would benefit by reading a few chapters, in particular "The Research Attitude," "Unmaking a Researcher," "Salary Progress for Scientists," "Scientific Men of Good Will," and "Organizing for Evolution."

Technical men on the average are modest (Mr. Mills says too modest), idealistic, far less interested in their salaries than in the nature of their work, politically naive, fundamentally democratic, interested but relatively undeveloped in the liberal arts, reasonably free of prejudices, and annoyingly unconscious of the various forces that mold and guide their destinies. Roughly speaking, technical men can be divided into two broad types—the industrialists and the academicians. The two groups differ primarily in the relative stresses placed upon monetary compensation and freedom of action. The academicians in general receive lower salaries, more freedom of research and publication, more freedom from regimentation and organizational despotism, and more budgetary restrictions on research. Although the differences to an external observer are not large, it must be emphasized that Mr. Mills's book is written primarily from the industrial point of view, a fact that makes some of his pointed statements both surprising and gratifying.

Mr. Mills's discussion of salaries and organizational hierarchies is bold and comprehensive. It represents perhaps the most significant feature of

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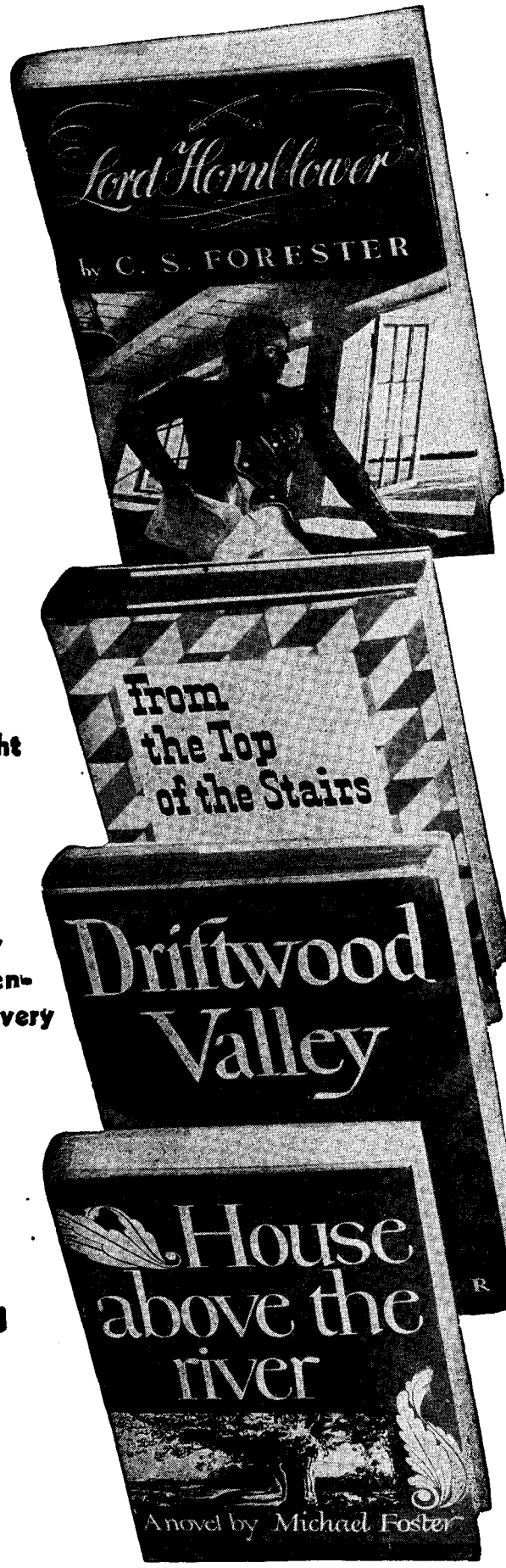
Horatio Hornblower concludes his private war against Napoleon



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the book. Summing up that discussion, he says:

> A benevolent despotism controls the scientist and engineer.
>
> Labor, in its cap and overalls, bargains and fights; the upper levels of business twist and shift for profitable positions; but the scientists take what is handed to them, like wards of industry, instead of its chief benefactors. . . . However much their products are exploited they themselves will always be considered by practical men of affairs as long-haired theorists. . . . As long as they are individuals, unorganized and exploitable, never questioning and never demanding, they will get neither the rewards they deserve nor the opportunities for social service.

In spite of Mr. Mills's pertinent remarks about the economic status of technical men, and his suggestion that in an organized manner they "attack first the economic problems which specifically concern them and then all social, political, and economic problems which affect them because they affect all mankind," it is still my personal conviction, and the conviction of the majority of my colleagues, that if any attack on social and political problems is to be made on a large scale by scientists and engineers, the motives must be clearly altruistic. The slightest hint of self-seeking, economic or political, will result in a discrediting of any social or political conclusions, no matter how carefully thought out and developed. Because of such considerations, the Federation of Atomic Scientists has attempted at all times to emphasize that matters directly bearing upon the economic status of scientists, or upon the personal and intellectual comfort of scientists, are not to be discussed or even touched upon in its public pronouncements. At the present time there are considerations that are far more important.

Mr. Mills rightfully contends that the scientific point of view should be more universally adopted and adhered to by the peoples of the world. He believes that technical men must apply the scientific method to the things that directly affect their lives and surroundings.

> And as they learn, they must persuasively present it to their fellowmen. More than they can do? Perhaps, but I hope not, because I believe the application of the method of science is the last hope of our civilization.
>
> Statesmen and lawyers, clerics and philosophers, businessmen and ignorant populaces have had a chance, practically free from interference. . . . It may be time to give the engineer a chance. But it won't be given to him unless he reaches for it.

The events of the last year would indicate that he is reaching for it.

Strange and Savage

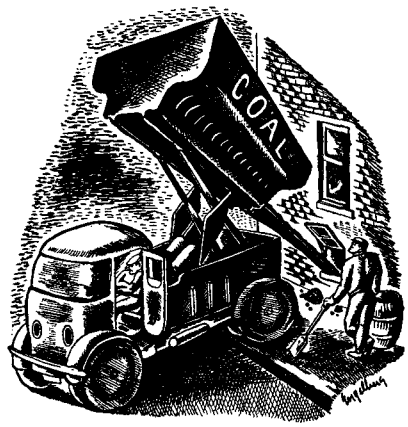
THE COLORADO. By Frank Waters. Rivers of America Series. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1946. 400 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by DALE L. MORGAN

MOST rivers, as Frank Waters well says, are confined to the needs and histories of men, and seem inconsequential without their travelers. But the Colorado is an outlaw—violent, surly, unpredictable. Although its drainage basin comprises nearly a twelfth of the continental area of the United States, it plunges off the continental divide into America's most inaccessible canyons in a turbulent, snarling search for the sea. A great, strange, savage river. No other exhibits such a contempt for man and all his works, and at the Grand Canyon, as though to remind man of his transience and his insignificance, the Colorado has broken open the surfaces of geological time itself with a chasm that is one of the most awesome spectacles that America affords.

For authors as for the technicians of civilization, the Colorado is a hard river to bring to heel, and Mr. Waters has had his full share of trouble in attempting to cope with it. "The Colorado" brings us some notable writing, much exact and acute observation, together with some provocative ideas expressed in a prose of grace and precision—writing which has a feeling for the distinction and richness of language, and which is informed by love of the country written about. But it brings us also a lot of mystical thinking as helplessly unrelated to the reality of the red rock country and American living as I have seen in a long time.

It is not, properly speaking, a history of the river that Mr. Waters attempts. After booting out the historians with an impatient word for their "dreary and meaningless" wrangling, Mr. Waters announces that instead we should occupy ourselves with "the greater peaks of stark reality," and that "the time has come for us to sink new shafts into the enduring drama . . . as year by year we perceive more clearly its real components."



In this literary quicksand the author takes his stand, with results predictable from the nature of quicksands. His mystical endeavor to prove something about the underlying realities of life in the Colorado country is full of irrelevances, propositions half thought through, and generalizations contingent upon an insufficient acquaintance with the facts. I think Mr. Waters would have found more useful the premise that life is a continual technological adjustment to the job of making a living, and that making a living in the Colorado country historically has been a damned tough proposition, something inevitably reflected in economic, social, and religious systems and attitudes.

The most satisfactory moments of "The Colorado" come when Mr. Waters is writing out of his autobiography, like the superb sketch of his trip down the lower river as the lone *Yanqui* aboard a shuddering old river steamer, or when he himself adopts the historical method to write of Imperial Valley, Boulder Dam, or even the early Spanish explorations. In such moments the book is true and alive and memorable, and there are enough such moments to make "The Colorado" worth anybody's while. But when Mr. Waters gets to talking about the "peaks of stark reality" and "psychical entities" as revealed in the lives of Indians, Spanish *padres*, mountain men, Mormons, and prospectors, his book reduces itself to just so much literary conversation. So many stories of critical importance for the history of the river and its hinterland are ignored that one feels the space devoted to deep thinking could have been much better employed.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Wilhelm Gottsreich Sigismond von Ormstein, in "A Scandal in Bohemia." 2. Mary Sutherland, in "A Case of Identity." 3. Victor Hatherley, in "The Adventure of the Engineer's Thumb." 4. Helen Stoner, in "The Adventure of the Speckled Band." 5. Thorneycraft Huxtable, in "The Adventure of the Priory School." 6. Alexander Holder, in "The Adventure of the Beryl Coronet." 7. Josiah Amberley, in "The Adventure of the Retired Colorman." 8. John Openshaw, in "The Five Orange Pips." 9. Jabez Wilson, in "The Red-Headed League." 10. Henry Baker, in "The Adventure of the Blue Carbuncle."

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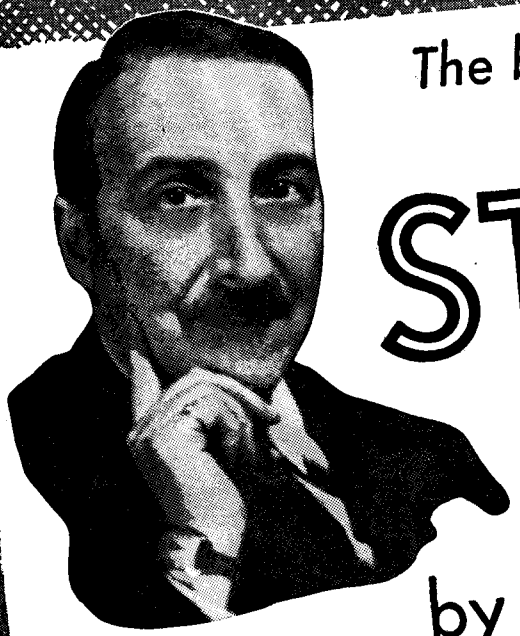

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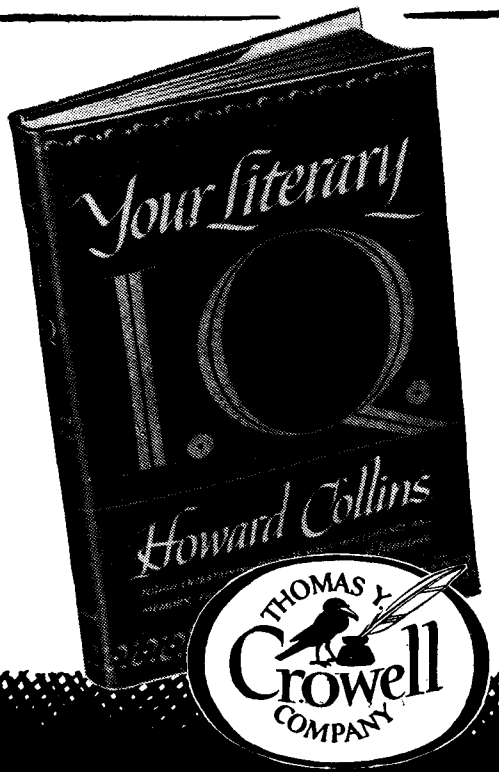

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A Muddy River

SWEET RIVER IN THE MORNING. By Winston Clewes. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company, Inc. 1946. 227 pp. $2.50.

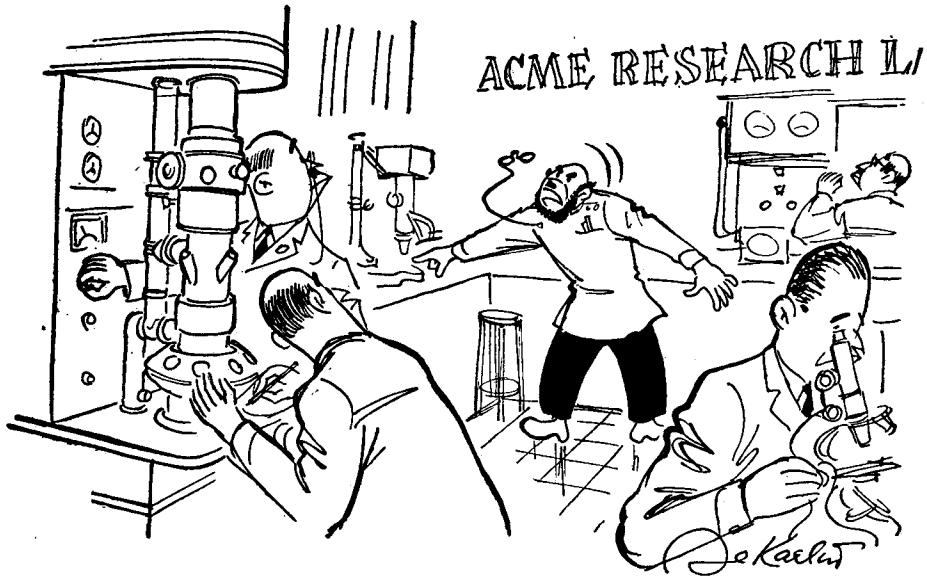
Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

WINSTON CLEWES'S first novel, "Violent Friends," exposed the tragedy of Dean Swift's fumbling love affairs. It was a clearer and more straightforward narrative than his story of the decline and moral dissolution of young Charlie Balcom of this day and age in "Sweet River in the Morning." Charlie is the son of a drunkard who runs the old clothes shop in a sordid town which boasts a jam factory and the eighteenth-century mansion of its owners. He is adolescent when the novel opens, a thief in a modest way, a liar, and altogether a highly unpleasant and sullen young man. As far as the reader can discover through Mr. Clewes's backward flights into Charlie's past, he was a liar and a braggart as a boy, concealing his sharpness under the shield of stupidity. The only merit that can be observed in him is his affection for a young girl who for some strange reason is in love with him.

Juvenile delinquency is not a new theme for a novel, but it has rarely been based on so thorough an investigation of the young sinner's mental processes. The root of Charlie's trouble seems to have been his loathing for his stepmother and his lack of any respect at all for his father. His ego, stifled by constant recriminations, by lectures from his teachers and from the police on the occasions when he has been brought to court, finds an outlet in assuming the leadership of younger boys. He breaks into the empty Gladstone mansion and prowls around among the valuable china and furniture of another century without the least idea of the value of what he has unearthed; without any reason he robs a shilling or two from a shopkeeper's till and is promptly caught. Everyone knows that Charlie is turning out badly, but no one does anything about it; even his girl at whom he is constantly raging is indulgent with him and only gives him up when he tells her he will never enlist in the approaching war, that he owes his country nothing.

In the background of his warped mind lie the unhappy crises in the past—the frightful moments when he has failed once more to discover over and over that no one loves him, that no one expects anything from him except badness and equivocation. The old dusty house filled with treasures that are useless to him obsesses him more and more. There must be something there that he could steal that would give him the money to escape. At last in the midst of an air raid he enters its huge black attic, finds an old sword, and attacks everything in front of him with mad ferocity. When he is choking with feathers from the pillows he has impaled, a bomb comes crashing down on the house. But even that doesn't finish him. He is pulled out of the ruins, and the owner of the house takes him sadly to the hospital under the illusion that he has bravely broken in to catch a burglar. On this unsatisfactory note the novel ends, and whether Charlie is to go on breaking the laws or whether he is to be dragged into the army and saved by its discipline, there is no telling.

Mr. Clewes's theme through the novel is that there is no cure for the



"Who stole my atom?"

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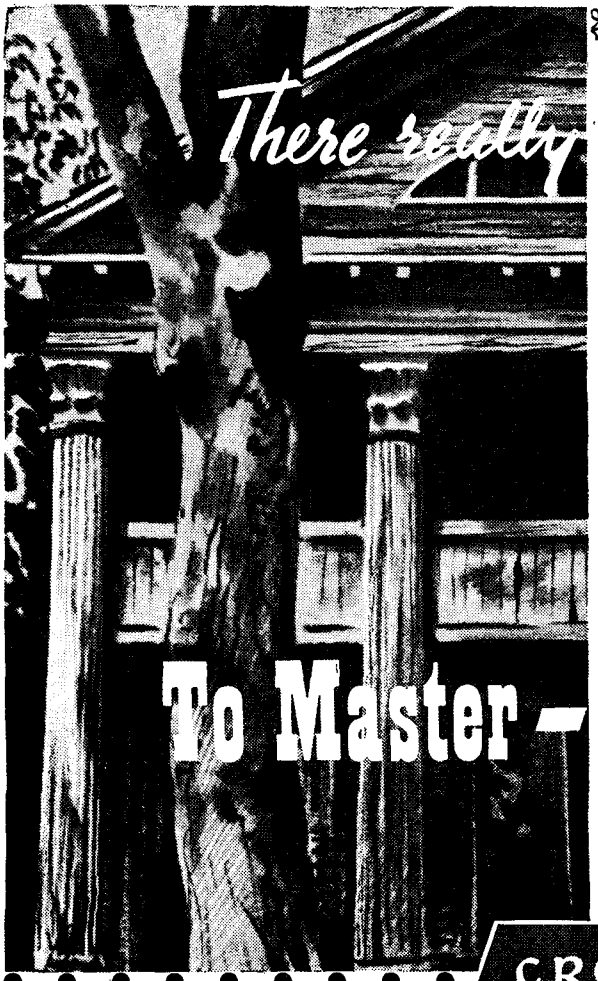

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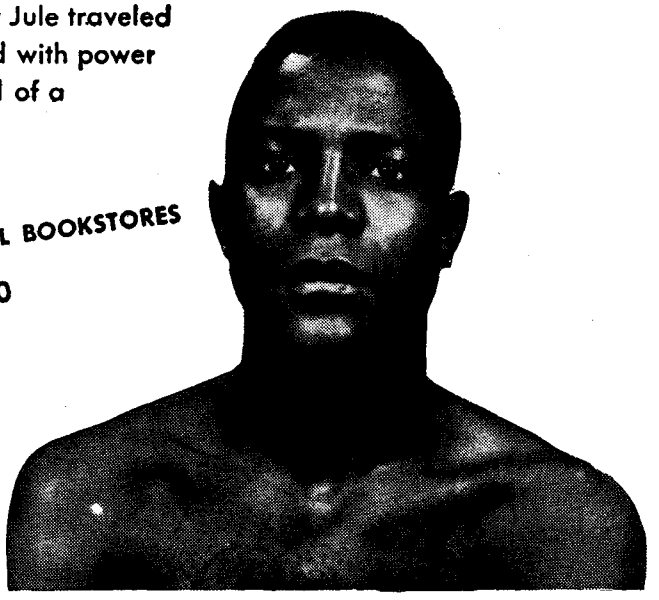

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by GEORGE WYLIE HENDERSON
author of *Ollie Miss*

SEPTEMBER SELECTION of the ONE WORLD BOOK CLUB

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Charlies of this world, that they are the products of the influences that have been masking, molding, and perhaps marring the young offender, day by day and year after year, from the first instant when he was still a single cell within his mother's womb. He quotes from John Donne, "Who would not bee affected, to see a cleere and sweet River in the morning, grow a kennel of muddy land-water by noone and condemned to the saltness of the sea by night?" The answer to Mr. Clewes and to John Donne's question is that the extent to which the the observer is affected by this gloomy spectacle depends on how vividly and how truly it is presented. The novel is dramatic and essentially humane, but the sweet river that might have represented Charlie in his earliest days is never presented to the reader. Mr. Clews is asking us to sympathize with the misfortunes of a boy whose mind is corrupted by salt and mud from the moment of our first glimpse of him. The reader has far more feeling for his blundering father with his strap, for the girl who tried to love him, the employer who had to put up with him, and the police who were always giving him another chance. Charlie himself is good jailbait, and to sentimentalize about him seems essentially a waste of time. the book that the whole course of his There is not the slightest evidence in life is changed by his tremendous experience, to quote from the publisher's description, or that the book is a challenging commentary on the meaning of all life. It is, however, a commentary on the society that tolerated him for so long, and the novel makes for facile and sometimes exciting reading.

Hornblower Sails On

C. S. Forester's style is "like an Arabian night done by Maxfield Parrish."

LORD HORNBLOWER. By C. S. Forester. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 322 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

THIS is the fifth volume of the Hornblower saga and it will probably be received like the others—with delight by many thousands of readers, and by the "literary" critics with that faint condescension they so easily develop for any book that is not slow and difficult reading—a condescension normally expressed by devoting the review to a synopsis of the story. It is a treatment primarily given to horse-opera producers like Zane Grey; and although a man whose sales figures are followed by five ciphers can afford not to give a damn, it is about time for the honor of beautiful letters that someone took Mr. Forester seriously.

For the resemblance in this case is less to Zane Grey than to Rudyard Kipling, with regard to whom a number of passionately literary gentlemen like T. S. Eliot are now consuming a diet of crow.

You will find there are a good many of the same qualities in both men—the unfailing invention, the clear, precise, skilful narrative, the perfect familiarity with every detail of the life described, the delineation of character through action and action alone. Above all and behind all, however, there is the same interest in and ability to handle story, the respect for it as such.

Let us make the point clear. Story is something quite different from plot, which is Sardou and the detective novel, a structure of coincidence and misunderstandings, the sort of thing that results when the heroine quarrels with her lover because she has failed to mention that the man she dined with last night was her brother. The French call this "intrigue," which is a better word. Story is also quite different from the structure of (let us say) "Finnegans Wake," where the story, such as it is, has to be told in a separate pamphlet and one takes the trip not so much because the train is going somewhere as because the cocktails in the lounge car are good. The present literary fashion is to regard the latter as the higher form—just why, it is a little difficult to say. There seems to be no absolute reason, and if the reason is relative, what does it relate to?

The skill of the performance perhaps. Certainly it is superficially easy to criticize the Hornblower stories on literary grounds. The minor characters tend to run out into types—something of which Kipling was never guilty, by the way. The dynamic sea captain's ingenious devices for confounding the French succeed as planned a little more frequently than the law of averages would allow. The changes in the central figure are mainly those of exterior circumstance. There is an impression of clean uniforms and fresh paint, like an Arabian night done by Maxfield Parrish.

But to say all this, especially the last, is only in the long run to comment that Mr. Forester is a better symbolist than the Symbolists. A careful survey of "Lord Hornblower"

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Lancelot Hogben, *Editor*

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shows that when the occasion required it, he was dirty and hungry and tired and ill and cross and disgusted. It has all been fairly stated, but it is not emphasized, because this was not the sort of things he emphasized himself. He accepted them as a part of life and having made the notation, forgot about them; his mind was on something else. If Captain Bush, Brown, and others around Hornblower strike us as types, it is fair to answer that this is the impact they would make on the redoubtable commodore himself.

Similarly it is hard to find any real fault with his continual successes in his profession or with the lack of change in his character. This is the portrait of a successful sea captain and there were such men—Pellew, for example, who never had a defeat all his life long and whose letters at retirement age show him practically unchanged since the time he was a lieutenant. Pellew was doubtless the exception, but most of literature deals with cases exceptional in one way or another. In other words, the deep emotions, the complex reactions, the picture of a period and of men's minds are all there; but instead of being raked over for examination as to their sources, they are subordinated to the interests of the story.

There is another criticism, however, growing out of this very concern with the business of story which can be legitimately leveled against the most recent volume of the series. It was very well for the captain of a corvette cruising on the Pacific coast of South America to engage in personal adventure and to solve his difficulties with interesting but small-scale devices. But the stage is larger now, the man's position more important, and the issues dealt with are greater. One has the impression, not with regard to any particular incident but about the book as a whole, that it is slightly out of scale, that Siegfried is playing knuckle-bones when he ought to be hunting dragons.

The impression is probably erroneous. The whole thing is so carefully worked out and so closely dovetailed together that it is perilous to say it should have been something else at any given point. It would even be perilous to say that this is obviously the end of the series, though the final adventure takes place in central France on the arrival of the news from Waterloo, and the first item in the book finds Commodore Hornblower dealing with mutiny, about the only maritime experience that had not hitherto fallen under his ken. After all, Kipling did very well with the old men at Pevensey.

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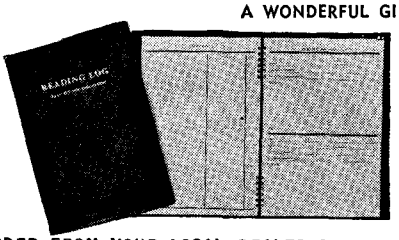

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Post-War Wodehouse

JOY IN THE MORNING. By P. G. Wodehouse. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 281 pp. $2.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

BERTIE WOOSTER would never have gone down to Steeple Bumpleigh to face his dragon uncle and super-dragon aunt except that one of his friends, with a head full of sawdust, wanted to marry the uncle's daughter, a former fiancée of Bertie's, and to rid the world of this female intellectual monster by marrying her off to Boko seemed a laudable idea. At the same time he had an opportunity to do his uncle a favor; Lord Bumpleigh intended to effect a merger of shipping companies, his own and an American firm, and to insure secrecy he rented a cottage for Bertie, where negotiations could be conducted quietly.

All this failed to reckon with Lord B's youngest, a demon Boy Scout, whose good deed for each day kept all bystanders in a terror of anticipation. For Bertie's arrival, Willie cleaned up his cottage; Bertie arrived just in time to see him clean the chimney by the simple process of blowing it out with gunpowder. The fire department is too late.

Jeeves, as usual, to the rescue, with Bertie his temporary catspaw. After the usual Wodehouse complications the shipping merger is successfully completed, Bertie slips out of an unwelcome re-engagement to Boko's sweetheart, and master and man drive cheerfully off to London. The pattern of the Wooster-Jeeves stories is well known—the stories varying only in absurd problems, the ingenious complications, and Jeeves's subtle solutions.

Wodehouse fans will probably be interested in seeing what effect the author's Babylonish captivity has had on his writing—there was a rumor once that he was engaged in a very serious novel. The experience seems to have had no particular effect. This story is not so funny as most of the other books, but it is quite funny enough.

As for the Wodehouse broadcast for the Germans, it may be pointed out that Mr. Wodehouse was in no position to know of the horror that was sweeping Europe, but that he did know that Bertie Wooster's opinions were valueless as propaganda.

He Learned About Women

THE THREE BLOSSOMS OF CHANG-AN. By Keith West. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 268 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by HELENA KUO

THIS is Keith West's third Chinese historical romance within two years, the first two being "Winter Cherry" and "Peony." All of them have the same quaint flavor, novel and attractive to the Western eye, but calculated to make the Chinese people seem queer and mysterious—which they are not. There is little historical significance in any of the three, almost none in this one. It is a concoction more of the imagination than of true knowledge. The book reads as if it were written with the constant aid of a collection of Chinese sayings and quotations to make both the author himself and the readers believe that this is historically Chinese. The result of such a hodge-podge is that the characters are stiff and bloodless, mouthing passages from the ancient classics, and having nothing to say for themselves.

This is the story of Lien Kin Wai and the three women in his life set against a background of political intrigue, merciless killing, and blackmail. Lien was a secretary to the magistrate of Hui Lai when he met Hibiscus, a widow who successfully promoted her own marriage to him. Later, when he was promoted to be magistrate of Kowloon City, he met Jasmine. She was sixteen, stupid and emotional, but fascinating to Lien. Then plague came to Kowloon City, and Lien had to leave his post. He took over another position in the provincial capital. There he met Peony, amorous and bewitching. She became his mistress.

Lien's own reaction to his three loves was that "Hibiscus and Jasmine loved him mainly on account of his words. Peony loved him in spite of his words. And . . . (he) found it difficult to admit that so immaterial a thing as prose style could catch and hold the love of two women, or that Peony, of all the bodies which she had experienced, should have singled out his."

Mr. West writes sharply-edged sentences, well tailored and trimmed. If he could only pump a little warmth and blood into his characters, his novel would be more convincing.

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(Continued from page 6)

reality, in spite of the demands of politics, in spite of the physical isolation, valiant attempts are made to build up once again that international community of letters which had begun to emerge in the early thirties and was smashed by the war. Taha Hussein told me that he was starting a publishing firm and a literary review in order to make the ideas of the West available to young Arab intellectuals and at the same time present in French and English translations the best of modern Arab literature. In Milan a group of papers called *il 45* is struggling bravely to unite the progressive spirits of Europe, to publish in three or four languages the pick of art, poetry, belles lettres from a dozen countries. In Lebanon the Jesuit University has endowed a chair of contemporary literature. Even in Turkey, where the great masses are still illiterate and any artist has a thin enough time, there is a movement to create the equivalent of the French Academy. The first year of peace has brought to many countries deep disillusionment, has checked the ardor of reconstruction and turned millions into weary cynics, but the writers go on planning and struggling for their means of expression. It is not an easy fight. Some who had been on the left during the Nazi occupation found themselves suddenly by some queer and evil magic decried as reactionaries. Others have somehow rushed beyond the goal they had set for themselves and found themselves leaders in movements to which they do not belong by nature or conviction. Many remain silent not because they have nothing to say but because they are not allowed to say it.

There is little indication that the same wild excess of license and phony baiting of the Philistine that characterized the 1920's will occur again. I doubt whether a new dadaism could arise in present-day Europe. Life and his setting are imposing a discipline upon the writer which does not permit wild and unnecessary experiments that would take him too far from his readers. Perhaps for the first time the writer has met these mythical people; he ate and slept with them, shared their lice and their crusts. He is no longer a being apart. He is bound to write not only about but for them.

Serious critics in America have started, I believe, a campaign against the pernicious habit of "making" a bestseller by ballyhoo and high pressure publicity methods. A girl like Amber may not go on forever, but she has plenty of followers and imitators. There is a danger in the West that at least for the masses literature will become predigested; that an author will gamble his savings on hiring a publicity expert who makes him newsworthy. Happily, such a thing could never happen in present-day Europe. Books and writers alike have to be frugal. The traditions of underground literature linger. Books are badly produced and pass from hand to hand because they are precious in their scarcity. The newspapers have

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DARK HERO *Peter Cheyney* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Gory spy yarn about Chicago gunman in Allied Intelligence service does flashback to earlier life and how he got that way.	Following Dickensian "Chinese Metaphysics" formula author combines his gangster yarns and brilliant espionage tales in something pretty dreadful.	Holocaust
THE BLACK STOCKING *Constance and Gwenyth Little* (Crime Club: $2.)	Girl is framed into very peculiar New England (?) hospital. Her mother joins her. Corpses turn up and people die violently.	Wackiness in murder mysteries is acceptable —and tolerable—up to a point but this goes completely overboard.	Foul
THE KISS OF DEATH *Lawrence P. Bachmann* (Knopf: $2.)	Diagnostician sees death for scientist in results of psychological-test blobs. He and nurse convince skeptical cops.	An intelligently written, well-constructed, and entirely mystifying combination of cerebration and subtly contrived crime — with satisfying romantic overtones.	Good!

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little space for long reviews; and I have seen people queuing up for books whose fame had spread by word of mouth. This, of course, places an added responsibility upon the writer's shoulders. He has to use fewer words to say the essential things.

In one way the development of the post-1919 years is being duplicated. No really great work has come out of the recent war yet. The sense of proportion, the detachment of distance, are still lacking. Perhaps a new Remarque, a new Arnold Zweig, a new R. C. Sherriff is today walking the streets of Bucharest or Vienna. Perhaps he will die of starvation or in jail before he can write his masterpiece. In many countries the writer has taken to the forests of timeless plots and characters. Not because he wanted to escape—there is no escape from reality in the Balkans—but because he felt the need of testing his strength before tackling the burning problems of his age. There is a certain amount of journalistic literature, of cashing in on events and personalities in the headlines, but the bulk of writers eschew this cheap means of success. There is much groping and questioning, much uncertainty and uneasiness, but there is also a new strength and dignity in European literature.

The future? Prophecies are odious and generalizations the refuge of fools. But it is perhaps safe to say that while the writer has drawn immeasurably closer to his public, the life-blood of literature, he has also a deep desire to share his experiences and ideas with all the world—and not only because the most modest royalties on a foreign edition might save him from starvation. Endre Ady, the greatest Hungarian poet, dead these twenty-seven years, yet still a potent influence in European letters, summed it up in a few lines:

I yearn to show myself to all mankind,
That they may look on me,
That they may look on me.

Hence issues all: self-torture, anguished song:
I yearn for others' love; I would belong
To others' lives at last,
To others' lives at last.

It is the great hope of all creative artists in the nine countries I visited that this prayer will be fulfilled in the years to come.

Paul Tabori is a Hungarian author and journalist who is now living in England. During the war he acted as broadcaster to the Balkan countries for BBC. An account of his post-war travels in the Balkans, "Peace Correspondent," will appear soon in England. His first novel is due to be published in America in 1947.

"Can I sit next to the window?"

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM, NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		REMARKS
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
WAGNER, DIE WALKURE; Act 1 sc. 3. Traubel, Darcy, N. Y. Philh. Rodzinski. Columbia M 618 (3)...$3.85 *Older version*: Act 1 complete. Lotte Lehmann, L. Melchior, Vienna Philh. Bruno Walter. Victor M 298 (8)....$8.85 *(mostly unobtainable)*	Far superior technically to old Victor album. Splendid projection of large orch., big voices. Darcy at too low level.	A	A supplement to Traubel Lohengrin recordings (*SRL* June 29, July 13). Compared to old Lehmann-Melchior version this is coarse and insensitive, though vocally Traubel is far more powerful. Traubel has no subtlety for this kind of music. Darcy is a weakish foil.
	Voices often lost in orchestral sound. Lack of highs makes for blurriness and loss of detail.	A	
TSCHAIKOWSKY, SYMPHONY #5. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky. Victor M 1057 (6)....$6.85	The Boston recordings are currently Victor's best, partly due to excellent hall acoustics.	B+ to A—	(*See below*) My own idea of the best in Tschaikowsky playing, the most purely musical, least exaggerated.

COMPENSATION

WITH all the talk over relative merits of this conductor and that you may have overlooked a useful and entertaining principle. Yes, match the conductor to the music, of course, but, also, use the conductor as a compensator, a means of covering up, neutralizing the faults of music—or even plain mesmerizing them out of apparent hearing.

Possibly faults is the wrong word. What I mean is irritations. Like life, music gives us the good, the pleasure-giving, thoroughly mixed up with the bad, by which in this instance I mean the annoying, the irritating. Never mind the reasons, right or wrong, judicious or just captious. When something annoys us in music no reasoning process will help. If we are out-argued, and still react with the same annoyance, so much the worse. Here may be an intolerable rhythm, there a repetition that we feel might well have been blue-penciled a century ago. A turn of phrase, a slurred note, a particular chord, a mood—a thousand and one senseless irritations continually mar the perfection of pleasure that for some reason we think we ought to find in music.

* * *

Perhaps the most sensitive of all irritations in music, and the most personal, is the matter of, on the one hand, an excess of musical restraint (or so it seems) and on the other an unseemly lack of the same. To some people the music of Mozart or Handel is a constant goad in the hearing for its tantalizing avoidance of "emotion"; to others the sound of Tschaikowsky is sheer pain for the opposite reason. And no words can express the urgency of these feelings.

However, there are the conductors. Conductors have their gadfly idiosyncrasies too; one is no less irritating in the persistent lushness of his strings than another in the hardness of his brass. A third plays everlastingly slow until you long for a sharp pin to stick him with, another sprints for the ending as fast as his musicians will run. The trick is to match your conductors to his opposite composer and cancel out.

All of which applies with a vengeance to recordings of Tschaikowsky, and in particular to the new Fifth Symphony (above) by the Boston Symphony and Koussevitzky. I like Tschaikowsky, but I'm easily and horribly irritated by certain allergies of melody, harmony, and mood in his music—the very things that some conductors pounce upon with glee. To me the music itself is loaded emotionally to exactly one hundred per cent of my capacity; the slightest suggestion of an overripe string section, a too-loving rubato, or a climax a shade too heroic is enough to fill my cup to overflowing.

But Koussevitzky—good old Kouss—is a man to trust; he brings out the very best in Piotr Ilyich with the utmost economy and cleanness of expression, yet with a perfect amplitude of emotional emphasis. His climaxes are big, huge, but never too big, too ecstatic. And so, if, like strawberries, Tschaikowsky tends to disagree with you, Koussevitzky is your compensator.

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Two Poets

LOCAL MEASURES. By Josephine Miles. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc. 1946. 62 *pp.* $2.

THE TASK. By Robert Bhain Campbell. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. 1945. 88 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by
JAMES RALSTON CALDWELL

MISS MILES'S third book of poems indicates a sound maturing of her excellent and individual gift. The sharp refractions of her quietly incendiary mind in "Lines at Intersection" and "Poems on Several Occasions" draw here to a still finer and more exact focus, and at times to needle points of white light. Her enigmatic, almost shy humor, for which irony is a heavy word, still twinkles in such poems as "Flag Level"—"And the feet of the office girls float in the breeze"—or "Man of Letters":

> He had a reading eye which used to find
> Jacks in the box in the paragraph, jacks to open
> And nobody ever drew to any better.

But the experience probed and the probings are a degree or so deeper in this book, and the book a shade soberer. She has not moved an inch toward what she calls (possibly without disdain) "the monumental." Her objects are still homely and daily, her pathos still restrained. The steamfitter doffs his helmet to a flowering quince in the first morning. "But bush will not bend or petal blow, it's so early"; a strident, angry voice is brought under control; a sidewalk lets you down and out after a movie. Miss Miles inspects these matters, and sees as far as the self-evident, ignored, and astonishing identity of each.

The pure event is her quarry. She isolates the elements of morning, of a dog's bark, of a sidelong glance, of a saying goodbye, weighs them in the precise balance of her tempered mind, then suddenly releases their vast energies. "The quick particular jig of unresolved events" (a memorable realization, by the way) is her concern, but the restlessness which she seems to feel in phenomena does not invade her own pulse. Her poetry is calm and still, and seems at times literally to hold the moment of being fixed in mid-quiver for a leisurely regard. All is done quietly and without fuss, with a minimum of the plangent and the lambent.

The 43 poems contained in the posthumous volume of Robert Bhain Campbell record a quest and a rebellion; a spirited rebellion against the cheap and violent clutter of modern life, and a somewhat perplexed quest among the ruins of time for timeless value. In eloquent and pointed comment he withers the contrived hungers and phony satisfactions of the age:

> Who can supply a want
> Must now want to supply, and you can cry
> Not *We must work* but *We must sell—or die.*

He sees the evil glint of the chromium towers, and reads on the billboard and in the "black-stacked anarchy of cities" the threat to man's dignity and to love's solace. Restless in the tawdry chaos, he gropes for meanings, and while natural beauty, Marxism, personal love, and a kind of mystic apprehension of man's potential offer themselves as points of bearing, the way through crassness, and time, and change is for him (and no wonder) not clear.

Time and change are constant, almost obsessive presences in the mind of this poet. There is in him a Keatsian premonition of brief years, an intimation of mutability—he died, as Norman Rosten tells us in a foreword, in his twenty-ninth year—which expands in his wider contemplations to a Heraclitan sense of flux. Saurian shadows flicker on the brick of the skyscraper; ice of the glacier looms over the gasoline pumps; the wings of the southing wild duck are "this year final, strange." He suspects destiny in the present moment, but its shape is wavering and obscure.

A kindred though also different unease may perhaps account for the several distinct and oddly assorted kinds of intuition apparent in the volume. One comes upon certain narrative and certain rather quaint lyric poems in startling contrast of vision and technique to one another, and to the rest of the book. Editorial desire to present samples from different stages of the poet's development may account for this, or perhaps there were simply not enough of (so to speak) homogeneous poems. These starving contrasts in fabric disturb, in my opinion, one's sense of the poet's identity, and cushion the impact of the book. I wish the editors had made it clear whether this book represents complete, or merely representative poems, and that they had indicated dates of composition. For the quality of the volume makes it clear that Robert Bhain Campbell, now lost to the world, deserves a careful reading, and the reader all possible information about him.

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Puck and the Fairy Tales

PUCK, oldest and wisest of the fairies, has appeared in two masterpieces of English literature — Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" and Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill." In the latter, Puck defines the difference between the sentimental and the true Fairyland. "Fairies," he says, "are not little buzzflies with butterfly wings and gauze petticoats and shiny stars in their hair and a wand like a school teacher's cane for punishing bad boys and rewarding good ones." Then, squinting his long eyes at the children, he goes on to tell them what fairies really are: "I have seen Sir Huon and a troop of his people setting off from Tintagel Castle for By-Brasil in the teeth of a sou'westerly gale, with the spray flying all over the Castle and the Horses of the Hills wild with fright. Out they'd go in a lull, screaming like gulls, and back they'd be driven five good miles inland before they could come head to wind again. It was magic — magic as black as Merlin could make it, and the whole sea was green fire and white foam with singing mermaids in it. And the Horses of the Hills picked their way from one wave to another by the lightning flashes."

Ella Young wrote of the true Fairyland in "The Unicorn with Silver Shoes" when she brought Ballor's son into a forest where Mananaun talked with Angus the Music Maker, while the Pooka in the form of "a snow-white kid with golden horns and silver hoofs" listened from his place on Angus's shoulder.

We have no more right to deny the children the true Fairyland than we have to deny the music-lover music or the art-lover the beauty that centuries of artists have wrought. To tell them that they must not read of the true Fairyland until they know the real world is like telling a music-lover that he must not listen to music until he can play on an instrument. English and Irish writers have made prose poems of the true Fairyland. Our own Carl Sandburg made fairy tales out of the railroads and telegraph poles, the cornfields and potatoes, the spoons and the popcorn of the Middlewest. They are meat and drink to the children who are going to be poets and novelists, musicians and artists and dramatists. Even the future scientist or inventor needs them—because one cannot invent until one has seen a vision.

It remains for Kipling's Puck to say the last word: "I came into England with Oak, Ash and Thorn and when Oak, Ash and Thorn are gone—I shall go, too." It was clever of Puck to liken himself to the enduring trees that grow and fall and seed and grow again. The history of fairy tales shows that they are as old as mankind. Like the trees, they feed the spirit of a world weary with the burden of material things.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

—From "Miss Pennyfeather and the Pooka."

Irish Horse

MISS PENNYFEATHER AND THE POOKA. By Eileen O'Faolain. Pictures by Aldren A. Watson. New York: Random House. 1946. 154 *pp.* $2.

MISS PENNYFEATHER called the white horse that drew her little carriage through the streets of Cork Michael Joseph. Jerry Healy, her coachman, called him Micky Joe. So did Garret and Julie, who lived in a cottage high up on the hill above the city. But the pure white Arabian horse was really a pooka—a fairy who had forgotten fairyland. Jerry Healy loved him and cared for him as respectfully as though he were a prince.

Miss Pennyfeather was proud of him and sat up very straight indeed as he drew her through the streets and along the country roads. Garret and Julie adored him. Their happiest hours were spent in the stable watching Jerry groom him. So it was tragedy for all of them when the White Knight of Fairyland, master of Queen Cliona's horses, saw Micky Joe and ordered him captured and brought back to Fairyland. Micky Joe thought that he was galloping into freedom when he ran away from Miss Pennyfeather and Jerry; he thought that he was off "after his fellows of the wild, unshorn manes, the flowing tails, and the hairy fetlocks, who knew nothing of saddles and harness, but only the call of the curlew in the bogs among the lonely hills." But under the White Knight in Fairyland his life was far harder than it had been under Miss Pennyfeather and Jerry Healy. How Micky

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Joe won the race for Queen Cliona and his freedom at the same time is the most exciting part of the story.

It is a story that could have come only out of Ireland. Where else could a boy like Garret wake in the night and see "sitting cross-legged on the other side of the geranium pot in the window . . . a little man in a green jacket, a red hat, with a pair of merry green eyes, smiling at him"?

This is a well designed book, with the drawings printed in the green of the Irish hills, and made by an artist who understands the soft contours of Ireland and the strangeness of Fairyland. M. G. D.

Manhattan Magic

THE MAGIC SHOP. By Maurice Dolbier. Illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg. New York: Random House. 1946. 75 *pp.* $1.75.

IT IS great fun in these rather grim days to come across a new fairy tale—one that is based upon a realistic and familiar scene and that takes magic for granted. The Magic Shop is on the Island of Manhattan, somewhere near Greenwich Village. The proprietor is one J. Wellington Oberon, a cousin of the king of fairies, and his assistant is Puck—the original, authentic Puck as Fritz Eichenberg draws him. All of the fascinating objects in the shop work white magic, not black; but both J. Wellington Oberon and Puck warn the children that black magic is still active and that they will have to look out for it. The magic wand that J. Wellington gives them as a birthday present works, after some instruction, to the intense satisfaction of the children and the equal delight of their parents—after they have gotten over their initial surprise.

Then black magic in the form of a tall, thin man with a smoky smell about him appears, then disappears, taking the magic wand with him. It is saved by the courage and intelligence of Woofle, the family dog, and the timely intervention of Puck. The tall, thin man is turned into a lamp post which, by the way, still stands in Greenwich Village and is "the unhappiest lamp post in the world." One of the most convincing characters in this convincing fairy tale is Woofle. Puck gives him a fairy puppy-biscuit to eat and, with it, the gift of human speech. Woofle says just exactly what a nice, loyal dog *would* say.

There is humor and imagination in this story, and it is nicely balanced between the real and the unreal. It would be a grand story to read aloud. Then the book should be given to the children, because Fritz Eichenberg's drawings are a pure delight. M. G. D.

Cats and Dogs

WHEN IT RAINED CATS AND DOGS. By Nancy Byrd Turner. Pictures by Tibor Gergely. Philadelphia & New York: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 32 *pp.* $1.

MANY of us have declared that "it is raining cats and dogs." But never before have we seen this phenomenon demonstrated.

—From "The Magic Shop."

Cats and dogs rain down from the skies in this story, falling through the branches of the trees, bouncing off umbrellas, swimming madly across lakes, clutching rooftops, landing in a baby carriage. No two dogs are alike. No two cats are alike. Men, women, and children pick them up—one an Airedale, one a terrier, one a spaniel. Little girls and cross old maids adopt adorable kittens. In verse and pictures we are introduced to an extraordinary number and variety of cats and dogs in extraordinary positions by an author and artist who obviously approve of them.

The last double-page drawing will probably be studied long and carefully by children. It shows the cats and dogs settled down and made to feel at home in the little town. They are all well cared for and seem to be thoroughly enjoying life, from the snooty Pekinese who is gazing out of a neatly curtained window to an aggressive Sealyham who is chasing one of the cats.

Here is a delightful picture book with verses by an old friend of the children and drawings by a Hungarian artist who has originality, humor, and a feeling for design. M. G. D.

Odd Couple

MR. NIP AND MR. TUCK IN THE AIR. By Caroline D. Emerson. Illustrated by W. C. Nims. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1946. 160 *pp.* $2.

THE initial feeling of boredom which might possibly strike the average parent as he begins to read this book aloud to his children is dispelled as the story progresses. For the most part the narrative moves quickly and has funny situations enough to please small boys and girls. They will like the physical attributes of the two little creatures. They are Nip, who is very fond of fish and has a steel fish hook on the end of his tail so that he can sit on a rock and sun himself while fishing for his dinner, and Tuck, who is very fond of salads and has one paw like a fork and one like a spoon—a combination which is just the thing for mixing dressings, tossing salads, and cultivating the lettuce in his garden. The amusing drawings make the most of these strange characteristics.

Most of the action of the story takes place in the New Mexican desert, a setting as fantastic as the plot and the two heroes. This may confuse children who might think that New Mexico is as imaginary as Nip and Tuck themselves. Parents must be prepared for more than the usual quota of questions. Actually the desert, with its sandstorms, its sudden rains, and its native Indians, is an authentic setting in which the irresponsible Nip gets into trouble and the resourceful Tuck gets him out again. MARIAN KING.

Picture Geese

THE TALE OF THE WILD GOOSE. By Henry B. Kane. Illustrated with photographs. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 48 *pp.* $1.75.

IT is good to put something really beautiful into the hands of a child. This record carries on "the factual stories of our native wild life" in a series of the exquisite photographs that Henry Kane makes for his read-

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ers. These show the life cycle of a family of wild geese, from early spring and hatching and raising of the goslings to summer and fall. They are full of atmosphere, graceful in line and movement as are the pen-and-ink sketches which appear on many pages. The text, too, has beauty of word and phrase. Nature-loving adults will enjoy these pages as much as the children. It is a lovely book to handle and to own.

MARIAN C. DODD.

In Louisiana

BAYOU BOY. By Eleanor Frances Lattimore. Illustrated by the Author. New York: William Morrow. 1946. 128 *pp.* $2.

THE keynote of this little book about life along the Louisiana bayous is simplicity. The events are the ordinary ones in the everyday life of a family in which Louis, a six-year-old Negro boy, is perpetually busy and happy. Louis's Granny is always at home to see to the children while their parents are at work and, as she rocks and smokes her pipe, to tell them stories of plantation life years ago when the French lived where they are living now. The water life along the shore is Louis's greatest interest, with frogs and turtles to be caught. Around the countryside are possums and coons to be hunted. And nearby in New Orleans is the wonderful French market, full of bright-colored fruits and vegetables and the variety of sea-foods from which Granny makes her marvelous gumbo soup. Louis has a friend, oddly named Peacherino, who seems to have a genius for neglecting to do the things that he should do and actively doing the things that he should not. Misadventures usually occur when Louis and Peacherino are together. But when the schoolhouse needs painting, and money for it is to be raised by selling chances on a turkey, the two boys do their part well.

This whole picture of Negro life along the bayou will be fresh and new to many children. The background is colorful and the two boys lively youngsters. M. C. D.

Sleepytime

SAND FOR THE SANDMAN. By Dola de Jong. Pictures by Natalie Norton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 88 *pp.* $1.75.

DOLA de JONG wrote this story for the children of Holland before the war. It tells of the sandmen who help their king sprinkle silver sand in the eyes of the children so that they will go to sleep. There were twelve of them, including the king—old Knook and Zacharias, Scooty and Scratchy, Bubblebub and Bibi and Boe, Pip and Carrot and Licorice and Smartypans. When they were not working they lived in a very comfortable house with a cozy living room where they played games or read books or did whatever they pleased.

One night they met with a series of accidents that lost them every single bag of silver sand excepting the bag of Smartypans. So he was told to go on alone and put the children to sleep. It was quite a job, so Smartypans sought help from the mayor of Mousetown. How the mayor's coachman upset the carriage, how he stole the top hat of the rabbit, and how the sandmen all met at the fairies' ball is the story. There was a magician at the ball whose name was Cheetme. Asked by the king to conjure up some silver sand, he makes a mysterious mistake and produces instead a barrel of hot pea soup.

It is Mr. Long-leg Stork who tells the sandmen where to find their sand and carries them there on his wings. It proves to be, as any sensible person would know, the sea-shore.

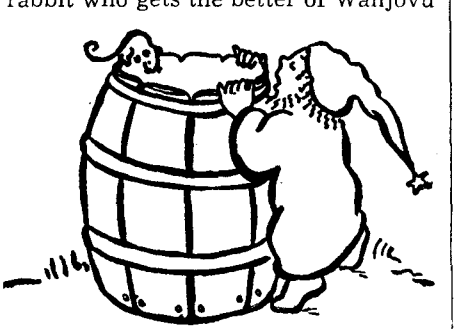
For this amusing tale there are equally amusing drawings in black and red. M. G. D

African Br'er Rabbit

WAKAIMA AND THE CLAY MAN AND OTHER AFRICAN TALES. By E. Baltintuma Kalibala and Mary Gould Davis. Illustrated by Avery Johnson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1946. 145 *pp.* $2.

LONG, long ago there lived in Africa a rabbit who was called Wakaima."

These stories fittingly begin in the traditional manner for, though they are new to American children, they are familiar to children of the Baganda tribe of East Africa. Characteristically, it is a small, weak creature who by his wits manages to beat his larger and stronger cousin. In the first stories it is Wakaima the rabbit who gets the better of Wanjovu



—From "Sand for the Sandman."

"One Latin word,
One Greek remark,
And one that's *French.*"
—*W. S. Gilbert, 'Iolanthe'*

CYRUS FISHER isn't like Gilbert's House of Peers. No Latin for him, nor any Greek either; and as to French, he can take it or leave it alone, but this time he took it. He wrote this book for boys, ages 11 up—the "up" including any top range you want to set, like 88. Maybe he didn't know it was for such relatively aged boys; but the *Chicago Sun* did ("You won't want to miss it yourself," said that paper to its readers.) You'll know it too, once you reach the page where Albert the porter leaves Johnny Littlehorn alone with Monsieur Fischfasse in the Paris park, and suddenly you realize this vacation of Johnny's is going to turn into Something. It does, all right. Just what sort of Something—just who Monsieur Fischfasse turns out to be, what Johnny and Oncle Paul have to do about him, and where and how that marvelous avion figures in the story, you'll have to read the book to find out.

Will you like it? Sure you will; you'll love it. It's that kind of book—with an absolutely fresh idea, lots of thrills and perhaps even more laughs, characters you can believe in, a situation that grips you at the start, and a story that never lets up. Besides, though we hate to mention it, there's an added element in this book that makes it useful to the son (or daughter) of any parent who has a son (or daughter) who is learning French—and to said parent as well.

Who says you'll like it? Lots of people. The *Chicago Sun* (see above) for one. The *SRL* ("Wildly exciting...extremely funny") for another. The *American Girl* ("Keeps you reading without stopping... Don't miss this story") for a third. More quotes on request, but that's enough for now. Try it, and see if you don't agree.

THE AVION MY UNCLE FLEW
By Cyrus Fisher
Illustrated by
RICHARD FLOETHE
At all bookstores • $2.50
APPLETON-CENTURY

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the Elephant, Wango the leopard, Wanbogo the buffalo. Quite naturally, Wakaima reminds us of our own Br'er Rabbit. The story of the elephant whose rear end was shaved off by Wakaima is particularly funny. All of these tales are full of humor and native wisdom.

There are a few "how" stories: "How Wambwa the Dog Came to Be the Friend of Man," "Why Monkeys Live in Trees," "How Wakikere the Frog Lost His Tail." Finally there are several more complex stories which, one feels, must have some subtle meaning to the Baganda people, but which will certainly appeal to everyone for their drama and atmosphere—the capture of Sesota the great snake of Kalunga; the story of the child who killed the old ape who had eaten her grandmother, thus bringing back to life all the people whom the ape had devoured; the story of the lamb who was loved by his master until he departed from the accepted pattern and spoke as humans speak.

The author's note at the end sheds interesting sidelights on the people out of whose heritage these stories come. His account of the telling of the stories is very diverting, but we take issue with Mr. Kalibala's advice to storytellers to "follow certain methods lest it may be difficult to enjoy these stories." His recommendation of a lovely presentation gives an entertaining picture of story-telling among the Baganda people, but it is hardly necessary. The tales themselves are so full of dramatic action, suspense, and humor that the simplest telling should hold the interest of listeners of any age.

The arresting black and white illustrations by Avery Johnson are a perfect interpretation of the humor and strikingly dramatic elements in the stories. RUTH A. HILL.

Mr. Punch

PUNCH: HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES. By Octave Feuillet. Translated from the French by Paul McPharlin with the original illustrations by Bertall and a few words on making puppets by the translator. New York: Didier. 1946. 128 pp. $2.50.

PAUL McPHARLIN, so well known to all devotees of the art of puppetry, tells us that this story of Punch was written in 1846—just one hundred years ago. This new translation is a fitting celebration for the hundredth birthday. The story has had many translations, many illustrators, and many editions in those hundred years. Many people, both old and young, who have seen Punch whack Judy and the baby and beat the policeman know very little about his early life. Here it is, from his birth in Naples to his latest performance in the Champs Elysées.

Punch, as the bad boy of seventeenth century Italy, astonishes his parents, delights the King, saves the pretty princess from a marriage that she fears and dreads, and confounds the lord chamberlain. The translation is fresh and idiomatic, and the story is lively and amusing.

There is a gay cover-jacket, but one could wish that the drawings had better reproduction. M. G. D.

—From "Wakaima and the Clay Man and other African Tales."

Burma Road

THE BURMA ROAD. By Douglas Coe. Illustrations by Winfield Scott Hoskins. New York: Julian Messner. 1946. 192 pp. $2.50.

THE Burma Road and the Stilwell Road loomed large in the strategy of the war in southwest Asia. Douglas Coe, author of "Road to Alaska," has told the dramatic story of their building and has woven into his story the historic significance of the two roads and their meaning for the future. Replete with the detail and colorful background which appeal to young people, copiously illustrated with effective drawings, it is a book that should interest older boys and girls.

The first thirty pages provide a background sketch of Chinese history up to the commencement of work on the Burma Road in the fall of 1937. The building of this road, almost entirely by hand with the aid of small primitive tools—hammers, crowbars, rakes, crude stone-rollers, and gunpowder in place of dynamite—is a fascinating story of courage and sacrifice. So also is the account of how the operation of the road was put on an efficient basis—with the aid of Danny Arnstein, a former New York taxi driver. Then the Japanese army surged forward, in overwhelming superiority. Burma fell—and the Burma Road became useless to its builders. Far different, but no less dramatic, was the building of the branch road from Ledo, later named the Stilwell Road, which was built to the slow tempo of the return of the Allied forces.

At a moment when, as seldom before, the future of the world seems to depend upon the establishment of understanding between all peoples, this book is especially timely. Young people will probably read it for its description and its drama. But as they read they will learn much about southeastern Asia and its people. They will discover that courage and devotion are not the exclusive characteristics of any one race or nation. They will sense the interrelatedness of the modern world. And some, perhaps, will catch a vision of a future in which education, health, and security are the birthright of all peoples.

RALPH ADAMS BROWN.

Amherst Girl

MISS EMILY. By Jean Gould. Illustrated by Ursula Koering. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 220 pp. $2.50.

THIS is a conscientious attempt to bring to young people a picture of Emily Dickinson's childhood and youth. Certainly an attrac-

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tive personality comes to life in its pages. But it is hard to capture the elusive spirit of a poet, even by the most conscientious effort. Spiritual kinship and a driving inspiration might possibly complement a poet's work in recreating his intangible and emotional presence. Miss Gould seems here to be writing out of a sense of need to introduce Emily Dickinson to young people rather than out of a really compelling impulse and inspiration.

Emily's childhood was ruled by a stern and exacting father. Much as he disapproved of her exuberance and impulsiveness, Emily was still conscious of his tenderness toward her and his pride in her brilliant mind—which he strove to conceal. Her childhood in Amherst, with a congenial brother and sister, was happy. In fact, so content was she in her family relationships and her studies at Amherst Academy that she had no wish for a different life. In contrast, her friend Helen Fisk—later famous as Helen Hunt Jackson—longed to meet and conquer a wider world. Emily was concerned with the exploration of her soul.

The trend of the time was to place special emphasis on the salvation of one's soul. A year at Mt. Holyoke, where Mary Lyon eloquently preached penitence, left Emily among the rare "impertinents"; but she was more actively searching her soul and striving for the truth than her friends knew. One friend, Ben Newton, understood her, and to him Emily brought her first serious poems, receiving from him the encouragement that she needed as well as the most careful criticism. As the years passed and two of her closest friends, both young men of great promise, died, Emily in the desperation of her grief was lost for longer and longer periods in that private world of hers. The mysteries that puzzled her, the searching questions that she posed, she wrote into her poems, which she carefully hid away in her room.

She had one fling at the world that Helen Fisk loved so much. Her father was elected to Congress and wanted his family with him in Washington. Washington society was delighted with the beauty, wit, and brilliance of his older daughter, but Emily was ready to leave it all when the time came. A visit to Philadelphia brought about a meeting with the Reverend Charles Wadsworth, who understood her and helped her to find the faith she needed.

The beauty of Emily Dickinson's spirit and her chosen way of life is not easily expressed in prose. Miss Gould suggests it only briefly. A few of the more obvious poems are quoted, but not enough to give a real insight into the productive years that were to follow.

The illustrations are lifelike and attractive. They and the text form a careful and an entertaining introduction to the young Emily Dickinson. RUTH A. HILL.

Mystery Tale

THE CASTLE OF ADVENTURE. By Enid Blyton. Illustrated by Stuart Tesilian. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 251 pp. $2.

THERE isn't an extra character or a "stage prop" in this story. From the first page to the last everything that happens is cleverly integrated into an exciting mystery tale. Indeed, the economy of description and directness of action suggest that Miss Blyton might have equal success if she turned to the writing of plays. The story moves fast enough for the most demanding readers, yet it has none of the "horror" attributes that make an adult hesitate before adding a "mystery" to the children's library.

Set in a delightfully peaceful English countryside, it loses no time in getting into action. It is Jack's feeling for birds and his desire to photograph a young eaglet in its first attempt to fly that first bring the children into an apparently deserted castle. And it is Philip's tame fox, Button, who helps them escape from the dangerous adventure that follows. Sharing the honors are Tassie, the gypsy girl, and Kiki, the talking parrot.

The nick-of-time rescue is effected in the most logical way by the supersleuth who appeared in an earlier story, "Mystery Island." The nature hobbies of Jack and Philip become a natural and important part of the story.

The black and white illustrations by Stuart Tresilian are full of character and effective in interpreting the swift action of the tale. M. K.

—From "Punch: His Life and Adventures."

SEARCH FOR GLORY

By Kevin Guinagh. Pilatre de Rozier, courtier at Versailles, was first man ever to fly. Ages 14 up. $2.50

RED HERITAGE

By Merritt Parmelee Allen. Cobus Derrick fought during the Revolution for his beloved Mohawk Valley. Ages 12-16. $2.25

WESTWARD THE COURSE

By Hildegarde Hawthorne. An absorbing story of the Lewis and Clark expedition. Ages 12-16. $2.50

THOMAS JEFFERSON

By Frank and Cortelle Hutchins. An honest and entertaining portrayal of Jefferson. Ages 14 up. $2.50

WHEAT RANCHER

By William Marshall Rush. Emery Frazier wanted above all else to raise wheat and horses. Ages 14 up. $2.25

RED SILK PANTALETTES

By Martha Barnhart Harper. Life in the 1850's was gay and astonishingly busy for Mar Jane. Ages 12-16. $2.25

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the Phoenix Nest

JUST FOR THE RIDE

FIRST, widespread misery, poverty and distress; second, suppression of freedom of speech and the right of meeting and assembly; third, general ignorance. These are the three conditions that give communism a chance to flower and flourish. WILLIAM F. RUSSELL.

"All bone and gristle? I don't think so, ma'am—sixty cents, please.
Cut down the milk to four quarts? Take your hands off, toddler; I'll put them back.
That'll be $4.34 in all.
Oh. Take back the half dozen oranges? Yes. Now that comes under.
Yes, ma'am, everything *is* high and going higher."

And Congress smiles untroubledly:

"Hold your hats, boys. Here we go again."

"No domestic help? But wait. Just wait."
Yes, just wait. They'll come to their milk.

Yes, whip them to their knees.
It's been done before.
Nothing like a teasing trick of meat on string too high for hungry hands to reach,
Then a good steep drop to send a round dozen a-cry for every job.

Remember 1931? Remember that boy Joe and his wife and child come back to kin to roost? And what it did to Joe? I know Joe now. Worked hard ever since, but with a hangdog look about him.
Now Timothy it affected just the opposite way. He'd learned his lesson. He'd never be caught again.
So he's feathered his nest by fair means or foul and he's up among the Big Boys now, and saying,
"Let it rip. I'll get mine while the going's good
and get out before it's too late."

And maybe he will.
There were some who escaped in '29.

But maybe it'll be different this time.
There are some who remember '31.

And there are a lot who remember World War II.

So what will likely happen will be the old cycle, yes, and some revolt crushed down.

"Is there a Communist in the house?"

LUCILE ELLISON

* * *

Hornpayne, Ontario, has turned out to be a favorite roost of Dove Dulcet the itinerant pigeon, not of Pigeon Cove; or rather the itinerant cove whose pigeon is Ontario, whence was wafted his matin song:

On the RR map I saw two lakes
I thought I didn't know—
Just two more of my mistakes—
They were O's in ONTARIO.

He has now traversed "9000 miles of incredible Canadian space" and, when last heard from, had hooked up with a wedge of wild geese flying south. He has also sent me his anthem to Canada which he calls:

ANTHEM IS AS ANTHEM DOES

O Canada, thy scenery
Is full of greenery.
Across the prairie
It does not vary,
Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat
Are rather flat,
But beyond those cheerful towns
Come ups and downs.
Geology got shifted,
Earth's face is lifted:
Canada picks up her kilts
And everything tilts.
(Cetera desunt, valde deflenda)

ENVOI

A run of tourists, a shoal human
By vacation impulse drawn—
Tag them, as you do your salmon,
Send them home to spawn.

D. DULCET.

* * *

The sage of Montgomery, Vermont, *viz.*, Earle F. Walbridge, is near to Canada, as you will see, and deposes as followeth:

You have twice printed Bernard Sobel's comment on "Harvey"; a third appearance will indubitably make it true. Meanwhile, I don't think the similarity is too exact. Aloysius, the object of Sebastian's Worship in "Brideshead Revisited", is a concrete, tangible, obnoxious teddy bear. Harvey, the Lobblies, and Lancelot McSnoyd, the leprechaun of "Barnaby," are invisible and incorporeal.

At present I'm up near the Canadian border. Canada once meant to me the animal stories and historical romances of Charles G. D. Roberts; now that I'm a bit older and have read that fine novel, "Two Solitudes" (Duell, 1945), it seems more like Hugh MacLennan territory to me. (The title is derived from Rainer Maria Rilke:

Love consists in this,
that two solitudes protect,
and touch, and greet each other.

Mr. MacLennan's earlier novel, "Barometer Rising," centers on the great Halifax harbor explosion of 1917, and builds up great tension and suspense (as in the D. W. Griffith film of around that period, "Intolerance") by shifting rapidly from the catastrophe to the human characters. One might do another bibliography and call it "Novels of Disaster." There's E. P. Roe's "Barriers Burned Away" (the Chicago fire) and "The Earth Trembled" (Charleston), and the San Francisco earthquake in Miriam Allen deFord's "Shaken with the Wind." (I hope Mrs. Shipley doesn't object to this coupling of names. E. P. Roe's "Driven Back to Eden" was once a favorite book, and it was a genuine thrill when I eventually saw Moodna Creek and Shunemunk Mountain in the Ramapos).

In the June *Wilson Library Bulletin* I have a biographical sketch of Hugh MacLennan, approved by the subject, though he says it seems to be "about some other person whom I know by hearsay."

* * *

A candidate for the shortest poem in the world makes its appearance, submitted by C. V. Tolstoi of New York City:

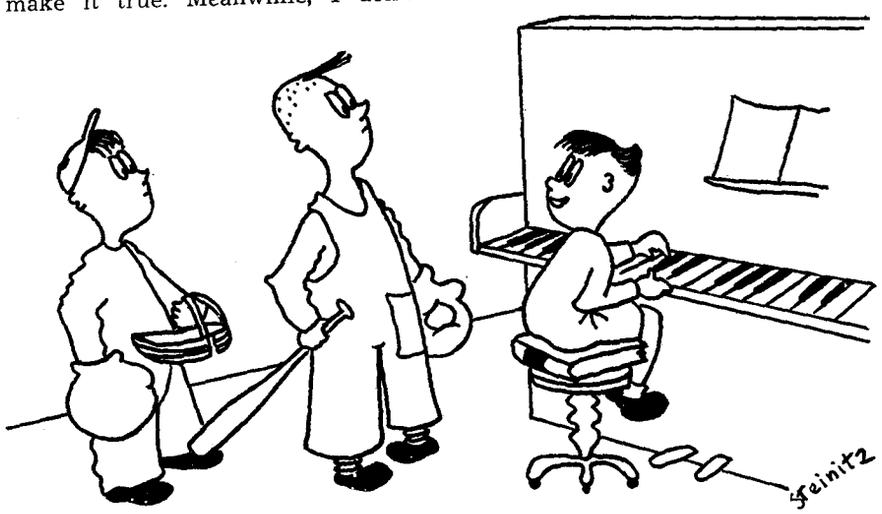
MY MAID

Thurs.
Hers.

* * *

Hoping you're enjoying Indian Summer also!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.



"Nothing doing! There's money in this racket. Iturbi cleaned up last year!"

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PERSONALS

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PERSONALS

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(Continued on page 46)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 45)

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PERSONALS

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 653

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

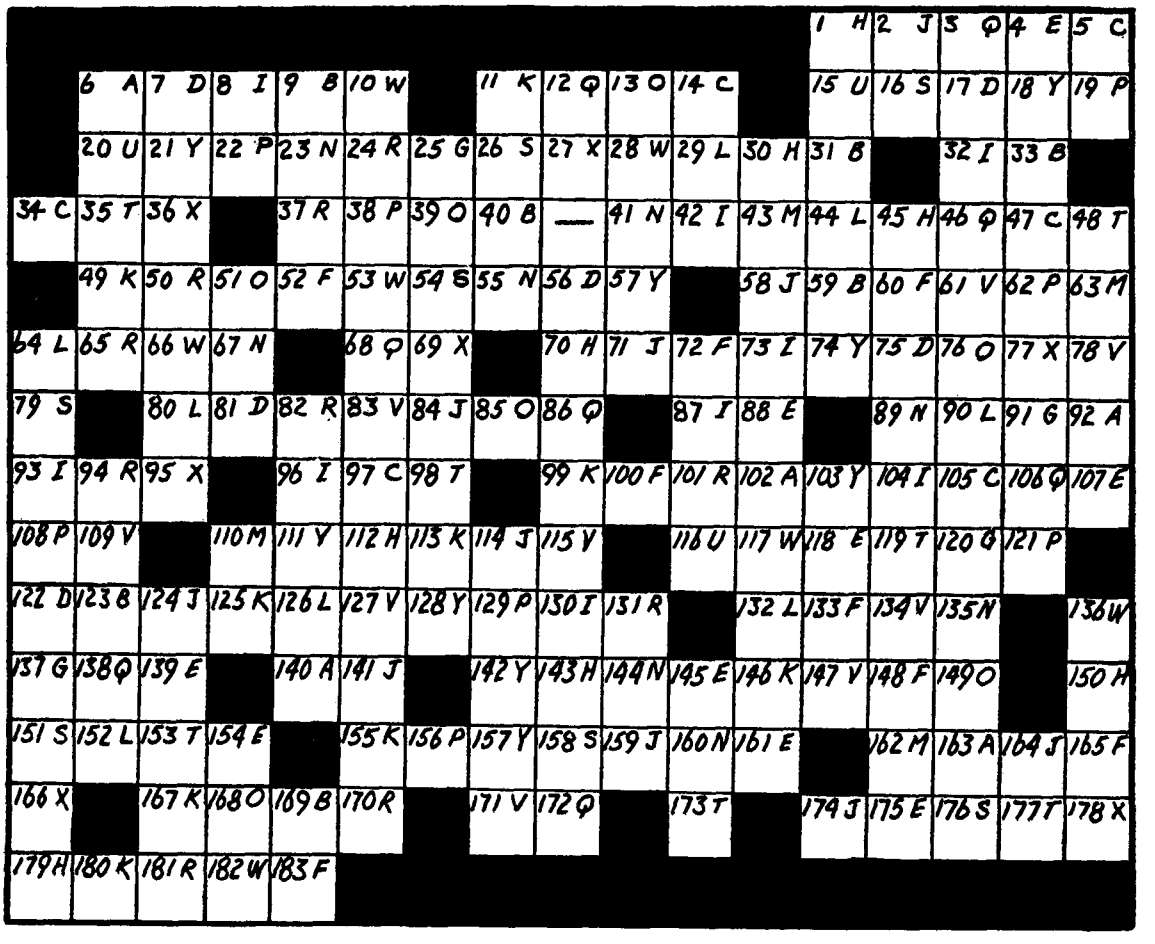
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Deals one a blow (Slang).	140 163 6 92 102
B. County in S. Leinster Province, Irish Free State.	9 31 59 33 123 40 169
C. Region of the dead (Egypt. Relig.)	105 14 5 47 97 34
D. Spears with sharp points and keen cutting edges used by whalers.	7 56 75 122 81 17
E. To give alarm without occasion (3 wds.)	139 175 107 4 154 118 145 161 88
F. Addicted to suspense of judgment.	148 60 133 183 165 52 100 72
G. Appellation of any small remaining group of a party or body.	120 137 91 25
H. Russian writer (1818-83; "Fathers and Sons").	1 70 112 45 143 179 150 30
I. A distilled liquor made by Alaska Indians.	73 87 32 130 42 96 104 93 8
J. A fair opportunity with others (2 wds.)	141 114 58 124 174 2 84 71 159 164
K. Poet laureate of England.	155 180 125 49 11 113 167 146 99
L. Agitations of the feelings or sensibilities.	152 80 90 132 29 126 44 64
M. Small venomous snakes of Egypt.	43 110 162 63

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Beginning; origin; birth.	67 160 144 41 23 55 89 135
O. Exclamation of vexation; drat; hang, etc.	149 51 76 85 13 168 39
P. Bashful; modest.	38 108 22 62 19 156 129 121
Q. Stupid; gooselike.	68 172 138 3 12 46 106 86
R. State of being negligent in duty, work, etc.	94 37 50 65 24 101 181 131 82 170
S. Fashionable (2 wds.)	158 176 151 54 79 16 26
T. Grazing; in rustication (2 wds.)	173 35 48 153 119 98 177
U. A "Tiny" lad created by Dickens.	116 20 15
V. A full sleeveless cape fitting closely about the neck.	171 127 147 134 61 78 115 83 109
W. Having the property of mutual diffusion or penetration.	66 10 136 117 28 53 182
X. The logical doctrine of axioms or of the laws of thought.	69 178 166 95 77 27 36
Y. Pertaining to the longest muscle in man (Anat.)	157 74 142 111 103 21 18 128 57

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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to

PUBLISHERS *and* BOOKSELLERS

● Beginning October 1st a new feature will appear in the Chicago Daily News. Under the title of "Books in the News" the distinguished literary critic, James Gray, will conduct a daily column of book reviews. Mr. Gray recently became the literary editor of the Chicago Daily News.

● Such a column—the only daily column of book reviews in Chicago—will be enthusiastically received by readers. And, unquestionably, publishers and retailers will highly value a department of literary criticism which brings to an eager Midwest audience reviews of important books on the day of their publication.

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John S. Knight, *Publisher*

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